

ARTHUR'S
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

smoothly
T. S. ARTHUR

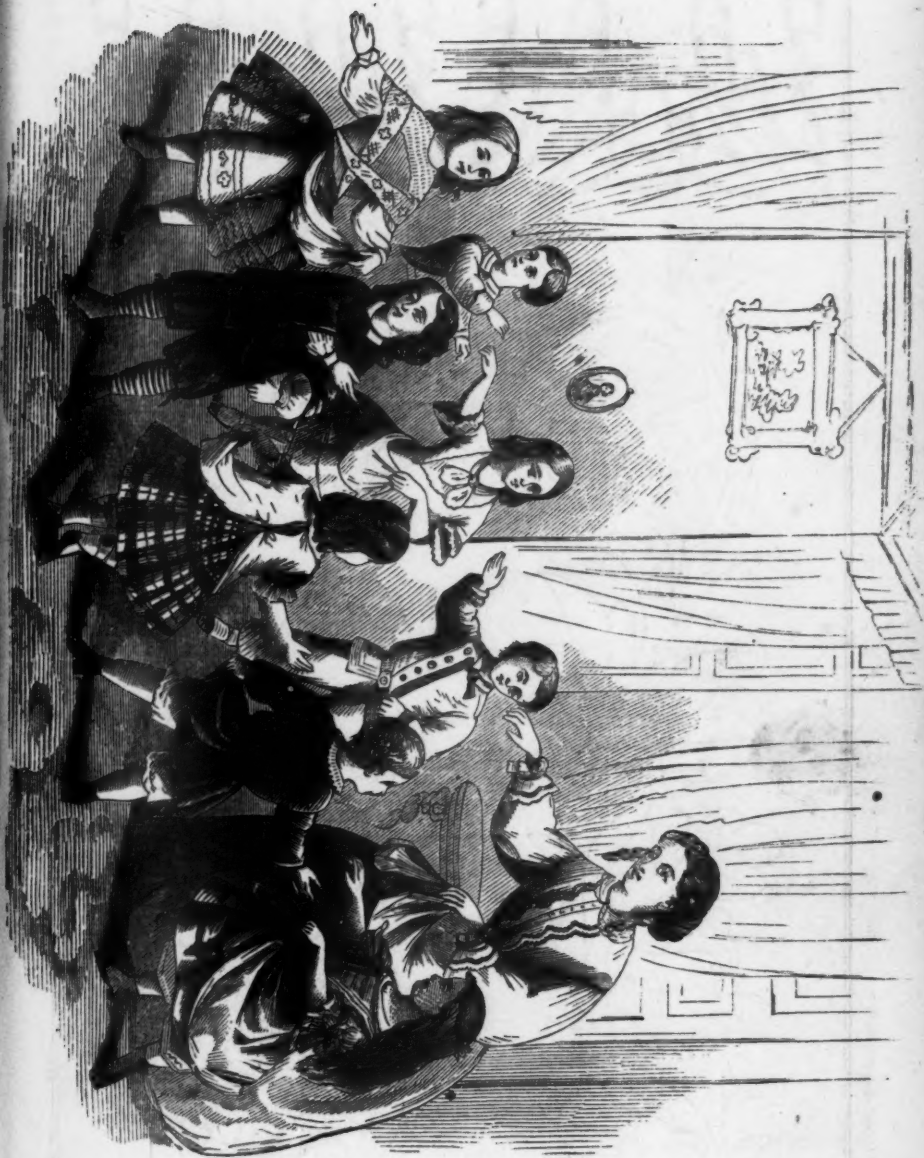
hay
AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

~~~~~  
VOL. XXIII.  
~~~~~

January to June.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1864.

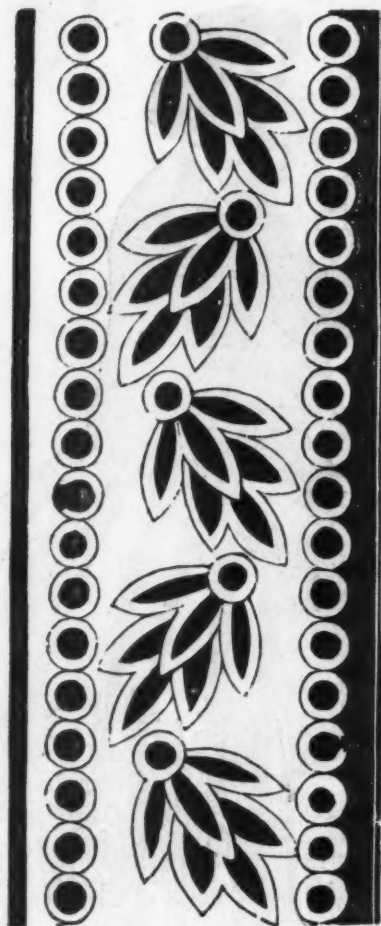




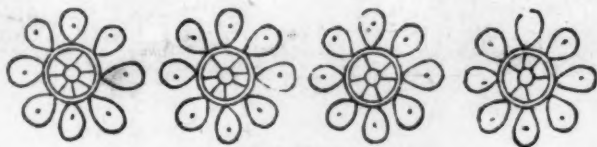
BRAIDING PATTERNS.



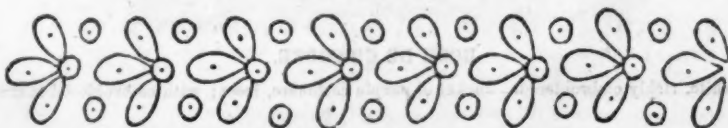
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR UNDERSKIRT.



CHINESE BAND.



INSERTION.



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

Skirt white, richly embroidered. Jacket of purple cashmere, loose; with embroidered trimming.



BOLERO JACKET.

This Jacket forms one of the newest designs for the present season. It is usually of fine cloth, lined with a silk which contrasts with it. The ornaments have the appearance of *revers*, and should therefore be of the same color as the lining; but the braid pattern on it must be the same color as the cloth. The edges of these *revers* are bound with a narrow ribbon, either of the two colors, or the same as the braid; for instance, if the jacket is of blue, violet, or scarlet cloth, the lining and *revers* should be of black silk, ornamented with a colored braid, the buttons and binding-ribbon being black. If, however, the jacket is black, a white or colored lining and *revers* is required, with black braid and buttons; the binding-ribbon being a mixture of the two colors.



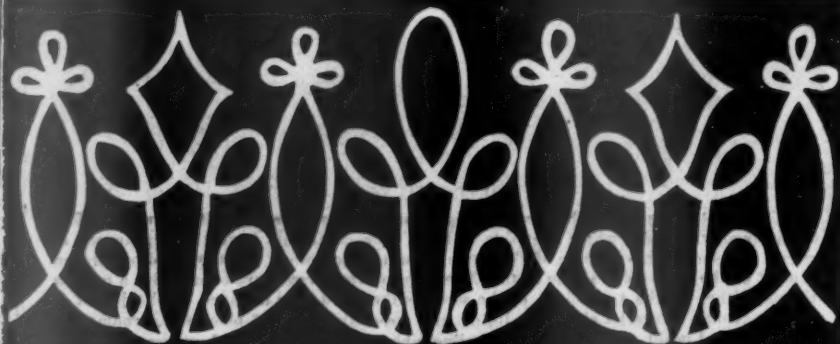
INSERTION.



CHILD'S BRAIDED SACK.



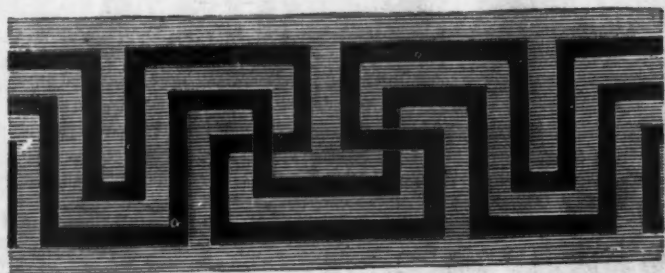
GARIBALDI SKIRT.



BRAIDING.



VELVET COIFFURE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



pr
me
an
do
gl
wo
Wh
re
St
me
the
ha
ble
ho
en
ha
the
dra
re
wh
A
int
the
Th
can
per
A
wo
bet
ne
A
dra
"b
V

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1864.

Hidden Pearls.

BY ALMINA C. S. ALLARD.

"Oh, dear? was there ever anything so provoking? Just to think, that day after to-morrow we were to have started for Saratoga; and this morning, Aunt Prudie has to come down with a fever. I actually believe she is glad to feel her lips parching. I shouldn't wonder if she went and sat up with old Mrs. Wills all night, on purpose to catch it, to prevent our going. Yes, there goes Doctor Stearns up to her room; and poor, patient mother will have to take his orders, and sit in that close room, where Aunt Prudie wouldn't have a window raised, for fear one of those blessed breezes might float into it through the honeysuckles. And when my conscience can't endure her martyrdom any longer, I shall have to go up and 'relieve guard;' and, then between the pauses of fanning her, she'll drawl out very faintly, 'Helen, dear, please read to me in the "Saints' Rest;" and begin where the red ribbon is in;' oh, dear!

"She will think her sickness a 'special interposition of Providence,' to keep me from the 'sin and vanity' of the watering place." The door opened, and the seamstress entered, carrying upon her arm a rich morning wrapper.

"Isn't it a beauty, Miss Helen?" and the woman held it up before her, displaying to better advantage the pretty facings, with their neat quilting.

"Yes; it's a beauty," and her quick eye drank in the harmony and grateful contrast; "but I wish it wasn't; I wish you had spoiled

it, Rachael," and she threw it petulantly down upon a chair, and angry tears shone in her eyes.

Rachael looked surprised and hurt, as though she thought this a poor recompense for her neat work and patient toil.

"Because," added Helen, noting with her quick sense the woman's disappointment, "it makes it so much harder to stay at home, when I look at this sweet dress, and think how becoming it would have been at the Springs. And that pearl necklace that papa brought from Philadelphia last night, I can't bear to look at. It would be 'casting pearls before swine' to wear it here."

Rachael's face expressed a shade of sympathy, as she found her work appreciated; so she ventured upon a little consolation—

"I don't see any need for you all to stay at home because Miss Neal's threatened with a fever; Sarah Jane and I could nurse her as well as your mother; and if she should get dangerous, we could send for you; and you could come in a day and a half."

Helen's countenance brightened a moment; then it fell again—

"It's no use, Rachael. Mother wouldn't hear of such a thing. She thinks it's her duty to stay and take care of Aunt Prudie; and duty is to her a flaming sword. She never seems to think that others are under any obligations to her."

"Helen!" it was a deep, matronly voice, that came floating down the stairs.

Helen went into the hall, and looked up to where her mother was standing—

"What is it, mother?" she asked, a little vexation in her voice, which was not felt to-

wards her mother, but the offending "Aunt Prudie."

"Tell Sarah to bring up a pitcher of fresh water and some ice." Helen saw that her mother looked flushed and wearied. "No wonder," she thought, as she turned towards the pantry, "sitting in that hot room."

While Sarah was gone for the ice, Helen crushed a lemon, and made a glass of lemonade, which, with cake, she placed upon a tray.

"Shall I take it up now?" asked Sarah, who had just returned with the ice.

"No," and Helen dropped a piece of ice in the lemonade; "I will take it," and she went up to the sick room.

"Here, mother!" and she handed her the tray. "You look as though you needed it. One would think you had a fever yourself," and she put her hand upon her mother's cheek. "Take this to your room, where it is cool and pleasant, and I will sit here awhile."

"Thank you, dear; I am very tired; this was so thoughtful of you," glancing at the tray. "But didn't you want to ride the pony to the village this morning?"

"It makes no difference," she answered, a little tartly. "I shall not need to do that small amount of shopping now. So, go to your room, and take a good rest, mother."

Helen seated herself, fan in hand; but the close air was too much for her patience; and seeing that "Aunt Prudie's" eyes were closed, she stepped softly to the window, and had raised it about an inch, when the alarmed spinster opened her eyes, and exclaimed—

"Helen! what are you doing? Mercy! child; if the air strikes me, I shant live three days."

"With all deference to your age and superior wisdom, auntie, as she slid up the window full six inches, "I am sure you will be a great deal better. The opinion which prevailed when you were young, of keeping air and water from the patient in fevers, has been exploded by science. Now, isn't that refreshing?" as the cool breeze floated into the exhausted atmosphere of the room.

"Put it down, instantly!" exclaimed the horrified woman, drawing the sheet over her head.

At this moment, Helen heard the wheels of a buggy; and putting out her head, saw the doctor, and beckoned him to come up. Aunt Prudie was remonstrating against the air, as he entered. Helen gave him a look, motioning to her aunt's covered head and the open window.

"Your aunt is asleep, I see; but her face should by all means be uncovered; fresh air is her best medicine," and he carefully pulled the covering from her face, as though fearing to awake her.

"Aunt Prudie" opened her eyes, and began to remonstrate; not with quite as much confidence however, in the presence of the learned Esculapian, as of her young niece; and when just before leaving, the doctor pulled down the sash of another window, the old lady submitted, with the air of one who sees the gallows preparing upon which he is to suffer death, but is powerless.

"Shall I read to my aunt to amuse her?" asked Helen, as the physician stood in the door, giving him a look which he interpreted.

"By no means! by no means, until she is able to sit up," replied the doctor. "Miss Neal should be subjected to no mental exertion; not even that of listening to a familiar author," glancing at the yellow book on the table. "Good morning," and he closed the door.

"Splendid!" mentally exclaimed Helen; "plenty of fresh air, and the reading of the 'Saints' Rest' prohibited; what a glorious opening era for poor mother." And lest Helen may be regarded as heartless, we must inform the reader, that Miss Neal's fevers were of such frequent occurrence, and attended with no danger, that Helen had come to look upon them as a slight affliction sent upon her aunt for the purpose of deeply afflicting those who ministered to her wants and caprices.

In an hour Mrs Neal returned. Her true, mother's heart would not allow her to permit her daughter's bright, young face to be shut up in the sick room.

An exclamation of surprise escaped her, as she entered, and felt the cool, soft breeze. Miss Neal had fallen asleep, and Helen enjoyed intensely her mother's bewilderment. And then she explained in a low tone, how it had been effected.

"You are a strange girl, Helen," was her reply; but the motherly pride shone in her eyes, as she bade Helen go down and enjoy herself.

She was a tall, queenly girl of nineteen; a beauty and a belle; an only child, petted and spoiled, as only children usually are, by parents whose discretion is governed by tenderness.

She possessed, in a high degree, those qualities which constitute a brilliant woman; and her doting parents had injudiciously flat-

tered her, and failed in repressing her faults, and as a natural result, selfishness, wilfulness, and a quick temper, were strong elements in her character.

Unlike many indulged children, however, she had improved her educational advantages, and was a good scholar. Her active, inquiring mind had made this a necessity of her nature. She had been from school a year; and society, with all the fascinations which it holds out to pretty heiresses, had welcomed her as a star of the first magnitude upon its horizon. She had spent the previous winter in the city, and looked eagerly forward to a meeting with her fashionable friends at the Springs; and now just as they were to have started, her spinster aunt, her father's sister, the "kill joy" of the house, had disappointed the planning of so many months by that "convenient fever," as Helen in her vexation termed it.

As she came down the stairs from her aunt's room, she went out upon the porch, where geraniums, cactuses, fuschias, etc., were ranged, forming a gay assembly of floral beauties. Their boarder, the young pastor of the church, was bending over one of the plants, and looked up with a smile as he saw her.

"Will it soften your disappointment any, Helen, to hear that this rose which you have been watching so long has bloomed?" and she saw a twinkle in the gray eyes, but did not heed it just then, as she sprang towards her pet plant, for whose blossom she had watched so eagerly.

"Oh, what a beauty! *Isn't it a darling?*" caressing its pink cheek with her white hand. "And look, Mr. Marlette, what an exquisite bud."

"I am an admirer of roses," he replied, rather abstractedly; "but I just witnessed the bloom of a couple, which in my eyes surpass this," touching the flower and glancing at the cheeks, which deepened to vermilion.

For once Helen did not raise her bright, dark eyes saucily, and answer with one of those repartees which glided so easily from her lips; she tried to make a light reply, but left the sentence unfinished. Presently she rallied—

"How did you know that I was disappointed, Mr. Marlette?" and there was something in the searching eye which set any evasion at defiance.

"Perhaps you will pardon me, when I tell you that my information was obtained, *volens volens*," he replied, with a smile. "I was

reading in the library; but you were so preoccupied, that all the warning coughs which I employed were of no avail."

For a moment Helen was a little embarrassed; then her laugh rang out as those only can which come gushing up from the fountains of the heart, over the pearls of youthful joys.

"What a strong argument my soliloquy must have afforded in favor of the depravity of the human heart, for a minister's ears! It's not often those of your profession have a view of the *wrong side* of a nature, is it? People usually present the *right side* to him; no matter what they were an hour before, in his presence they become humble and penitent for all sins they may have committed. Indeed, Mr. Marlette, you ought to be grateful to me for affording you a glimpse of human nature, in its true light," and the bright, defiant light lit up her eyes again.

The minister smiled.

"You will pardon me, Helen, when I say, that I think *you* at least have not assumed much sanctity or humility during our acquaintance."

"No; because I didn't *feel* any," she replied, quickly; then with one of those sudden turns, so common to minds, which like the humming bird dart quickly from flower to flower, she exclaimed, "What a lovely morning for a ride on horseback. If it hadn't been for leaving mother in Aunt Prudie's bastille, I would have galloped to the glen this morning; Matthew brought me such a rare wild flower the other day that he found there; and he says the place is full of them; but as he brought none of its leaves I could not analyze it."

"I have to go six miles on the Stanton road this afternoon, and by going the Bloomfield turnpike, which is but two miles farther, can make that little gem of a lake in the route with which you are so much in love; and I should enjoy the ride much better if you could go with me," said the minister.

"Oh, I wish I *could*! if it wasn't for poor mother"—then reflecting a moment—"I can! for mother said that Aunt Prudie's special friend, Comfort Price, was coming over to sit by her. What time shall you start, Mr. Marlette?"

"Any time after dinner that will suit you. The rain of yesterday has cooled the air and laid the dust, and it will be pleasant riding, all day.

The afternoon was still and bright; a be-

nign smile upon the hills and valleys; as the minister and Helen rode through a country where the road wound among romantic hills, and amid the silence of the forests, some little rill sang in its low, silvery voice, with that music which falls like a lullaby upon the chafed spirit. And by the time they reached the lake, Helen had temporarily forgotten Saratoga. The blue waves were sleeping in their shell-embroidered cradle, and the few light breezes which were stirring, seemed to pass over them stealthily, as if afraid to arouse them.

Both riders drew the rein when within a few paces of the water, and sat gazing upon it with that veneration which a "thing of beauty" ever inspires. Helen's mind was the first to take a practical turn.

"Mr. Marlette," she said, so suddenly that it came like a dash of water upon the young man's thoughts, "if you will be so kind as to help me down from this pony, and fasten her securely, I will take a promenade on the beach. I haven't the least intention of leaving this place for two hours," looking at her watch; "it's half past three now, and we shall have plenty of time to get home then before dark."

"As I promised before we started that you should have your own way, I must have the grace to comply, I suppose," he answered, as he dismounted and came towards her.

She sprang gladly down, and going to the water's edge, waited until Mr. Marlette came back from where he had fastened the horses.

She had pushed her riding-cap from her face, so that the white plume touched her shoulder. All levity had faded from her countenance; its expression now was heightened—the expression which the spirit reflects when in the presence of the grand and sublime, when the soul feels the poetry of the scene, of which all words are mockery. So much higher, deeper, truer, more eloquent, is the poetry which is *felt* than that which is expressed.

Neither spoke for several minutes; while listening to the deep voices of the soul, we dread to break the charm. So quietly, so full of music, the minister's voice fell upon the silence, that it seemed a part of the inspiration of the place.

"Great and marvellous are thy works, oh God."

Instantly the light faded from Helen's face, and a strange expression, one that the young man could not fathom, swept over it; then she

exclaimed, with a dash of bitterness in her voice—

"I admire it because it is beautiful in itself: it is enough for me to know that."

"I do not understand you, Helen! I hope I do not," he added, as he bent his eyes inquiringly upon her.

"Well, then," she said, rather reluctantly, nervously playing with her riding-whip, "nature is doubly beautiful to you, because it is a telescope through which you behold its God. I have looked in vain; it is in *itself* beautiful; I see nothing beyond but darkness."

He searched her face with his deep eyes to discover some smile lurking about her mouth; something which should betray that her words were only spoken as a decoy to engage him in argument; for Helen's mind was logical by nature and cultivation; but she was graver than he had ever seen her. It seemed so out of place, the wearied, hopeless look which sat upon the bright young face.

"Oh, Helen! Helen Neal! surely you are not speaking earnestly and truly now?" the tone was so full of anguish, as of one who had just seen a darling hope expire in his heart.

"Earnestly and truly!" and Edgar Marlette knew that she had brought the words up from the deep currents of her life.

"How can you, Helen, with your superior reasoning faculties, and your intelligence, so veil your mind to the truth of Revelation?"

"If it were not for my reasoning powers, Mr. Marlette," she replied, "I might render myself happier, by believing in an All-pervading Intelligence; and that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice." You Christians believe there is a potency in prayer; but what is effected by it? I have seen the most devoted member in the church wring her hands in agony, and pray for the recovery of a darling son—reiterating that God has promised to answer prayer—and for an answer followed the glazed eye and the rigid form. The young man had violated a law of nature, and death was the effect of its legitimate cause. I behold in cause and effect the pervading power of nature."

"But these causes must have been produced by an anterior cause," replied the young minister.

"As easy to have produced themselves as the first cause itself," she replied quickly.

"Helen," said the minister, "you are young yet; you are passing through an era of the mind when it depends upon investigation only, and has not ripened beneath the storms and

sunshine of experience. In a few years, when you have almost looked upon the form of Jehovah in some passing cloud of his providence in which He is hidden, you will cover your face in awe and in acknowledgment of his presence."

"I understand," she returned; "you think I have not founded my opinions firmly. But for the last three years I have read both sides of the question, and the corner-stone of my belief is firmly laid. The first infidel authors I read from curiosity; then because I believed I saw truth unmasked; and with these aids to reason my own vague opinions have crystallized into solid principles."

"And do you find them pleasant, and full of hope? Principles that ennoble you in thought and feeling?" he asked, with a little bitterness; but the prevailing tone was sympathy.

"The clear white light of truth is not as beautiful as looking through the colored glass of error, which paints every object falsely with its own hue," she replied, with warmth.

There was a pause, and both stood looking gloomily into the lake; and then the minister said:

"Helen, arguments are of slight avail, when the infant intellect of man is set up to fathom the incomprehensible purposes of God. You would smile at the folly of a child disputing the truth of philosophical researches because he could not comprehend them. You have drifted into the dangerous currents of man-formed theories; and sooner or later they will lead to the arctic regions of the soul, where it freezes beneath the glittering stars of beautiful sophistries; and at last, in its desolation, the spirit feels how exactly it *needs* what in its pride it has rejected, and, in its humiliation, cries out, 'Abba Father!' Oh, Helen! it is a sad thing when woman rejects the brightest jewel in the crown of her graces—the pearl of great price."

"It is sadder still to me," she replied, "when she allows her powers of thought to lie inactive, and receives as an heir-loom the beliefs and opinions of her ancestors, and wears them in her mind as she does the old lace and jewels upon her person which descended to her from her grandmother; but," she suddenly exclaimed, rallying, "we are wasting this beautiful afternoon, lengthening our faces while the shadows are lengthening on the grass. I must gather a quart of shells to finish out that large frame which I am making for my lake scene."

"You copy from nature, and frame your

lake with shells as she frames hers," he replied, as he poured a handful into the small basket she had brought.

After this, no reference was made to the conversation which had taken place. To Helen it had been a skirmish of opinions. To Edgar Marlette the death warrant of a dearly cherished hope; for, incredible as it may seem, during the two years that the minister had labored in the church of which Helen's parents were members, boarding at her father's, he had formed an attachment for the impulsive girl, which, like a strong tree extending its roots in every direction, had interlaced itself too firmly with every fibre of his nature to be uprooted without a great convulsion. He had seen so much in her character that was truly noble; so much of the grace and fineness of the fairest types of womanhood, that he believed the guiding hand of love, united with her own excellent sense, would remove those faults which indiscreet indulgence had fostered.

He was a talented young man, and had received offers from wealthier congregations than the one to which he preached, which, had he been actuated by mercenary motives only, he must have accepted. But he considered the interest of the church rather than his own. He had commenced his labors under circumstances peculiarly trying to a young minister. A difficulty had occurred among the members, and when the pastor came among them, instead of peace and unity he found dissension, bitterness, and backbiting. His clear, analytical mind soon arrived at the truths of the case, and in a short time, under his discreet labors, the olive branch blossomed among the members, who looked upon him as indispensable to their prosperity.

When he came to Beechmont, the name by which the Neal homestead was designated, Helen stood in a little awe of his calm, quiet dignity, under which, however, she soon discovered lay a keen sense of the ludicrous—a discovery which afforded her intense satisfaction.

Still she never forgot that he was the minister. There was a dignity even in the lightning of his wit which awed while it amused. Helen had become so accustomed to hear him converse at the table that she had come to regard his conversation as an indispensable adjunct of the meal; and without acknowledging it to herself, she had made him the ideal of noble manhood. She had not thought of him as a lover. There was an atmosphere of contentment in his presence,

but nothing of the deep, wild emotion with which in her imagination she had invested love.

While Helen and the minister were returning from the lake, they met Doctor Stearns on his way home from Beechmont.

"How is my aunt, doctor?" inquired Helen.

"Convalescent," was his bland reply. "The fever did not return this afternoon. You can start with entire safety for the Springs by day after to-morrow."

An exclamation of rapture from Helen, and the two gentlemen smiled, as they bade each other good evening, and rode on. During the remainder of the ride, Helen was enchanting. Her laugh rang out upon the twilight with that trill which tells that some great joy is gushing up in the heart.

But to Edgar Marlette the cherry lip and pink cheek, and the dark, sparkling eyes, were only a mockery. Duty was to him an unlimited monarch; and the revelation which Helen had made of her principles that afternoon upon the lake shore, sternly forbade him, a minister of the gospel, to wed one who rejected its truths.

The Neals had been at the Springs a week. Helen had flirted with the celebrities of the place, but when she compared them with Mr. Marlette, as without fully understanding the reason she invariably did, the thermometer of her opinion sank rapidly.

It was one of those sultry afternoons in July, when nature seems to hold her breath under the brazen arch, where still the sun pours out his fiery strength. Mr., Mrs. Neal, and Helen, were in their room, the latter half reclining upon a sofa with a book open before her, which she finally threw down, exclaiming as she did so—

"Oh, dear, dear! I wish I was at home sitting under the old beech at the east end of the garden. Papa, can't we go home? I'm tired to death of this place!"

There was a quizzing smile in her father's eye; but just at this moment there was a rap at the door, and the servant announced, "The gentleman is in the parlor, down stairs;" handing in his card; and Mr. Neal read aloud, "Edgar Marlette." An exclamation of surprise from Mr. and Mrs. Neal, and a joyful one from Helen, as she bounded from the sofa.

"Oh, I am so glad! I am longing to hear a few words of common sense," she exclaimed, as she went flying down the stairs. "Mr. Marlette," she said, as she entered, "accept

my everlasting gratitude for your presence here to-day. I have been pining with homesickness. Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

"I am quite as glad to see you," he answered; but without her enthusiasm of manner. "Beechmont has been as dull as a prison since you left;" and as he spoke he drank in eagerly the face so beautiful in its animation.

"To what, sir, are we indebted for this pleasure?" said Mr. Neal, as he advanced and cordially took the young man by the hand. "Nothing wrong at Beechmont, I hope."

"Everything going on well there, I believe, as this letter will testify," handing Mrs. Neal a letter in "Aunt Prudie's" prim, round hand. "Your first question I will answer after we have enjoyed a tête à tête."

And then passed an hour of uninterrupted conversation; the happiest, Helen mentally acknowledged, that she had spent at the Springs; and as she sat there that sultry afternoon listening to the deep, rich voice, looking at the firm yet tender mouth, and watching the occasional smile which mellowed the deep eyes, and made the whole face so gentle and attractive—when she contrasted him with her gay admirers, and felt how necessary his presence was to her happiness, the truth burst upon her, and she knew that she loved Edgar Marlette.

The afternoon was wearing away, the red sun was near the western gate, and a faint breeze came refreshingly over the exhausted vegetation. The ladies had begun to leave their rooms, and the parlor was slowly filling. The Neals retired to their own room, taking the minister with them.

"I have not told you yet why I am here," said the latter, his face settling into a deep gravity; "but as I must leave early in the morning, I may as well inform you that I am on my way to New York, from which I sail on Thursday as missionary to China. And I could not leave a family from whose hands I have experienced so many kindnesses without bidding you farewell.

Mr. Neal sat as though transfixed; Mrs. Neal raised both hands with a little shriek of surprise.

"Helen, my child!" exclaimed the alarmed mother, as she turned towards her daughter, who sat with fixed eyes and a face as colorless as her white dress. "She has fainted!" she exclaimed, dashing some ice-water in her face, which the servant had just brought in. The shock revived her, and in a moment she spoke;

"Don't be alarmed," she gasped. "This hot afternoon is enough to make any one faint. Don't!" she said, as her mother took hold of the bell-rope; "they will all come rushing up and suffocate me."

"She is right," said the minister. "Let no alarm be given, and she will recover in a few moments."

Mrs. Neal employed restoratives which were at hand, and in a short time Helen pronounced herself well. Only "weak," she said, as she sat with her head upon the sofa arm, and listened, with a pale face and dilated eyes, to the minister's plans. With his fine intuition he saw what her parents did not—the lightning which had driven the blood to her heart—and for a few moments it had nearly unmanned him. He now knew that which made his own grief so much more poignant—that Helen loved him; that in this separation two must suffer instead of one.

He had waived the subject of his departure, but Helen insisted that he should tell them how it had occurred that he was sent so suddenly to China; and then he explained that the minister who was to have sailed on Thursday had been seized with bleeding at the lungs; and the Presbytery, which met upon the day which the Neals left, had called for another to supply his place, and that he had accepted the call, upon condition that his pulpit was filled, which he said would be done by an excellent man; "and you will have the pleasant novelty of seeing a new face and hearing a new voice in the pulpit," he added, with a faint attempt to smile, looking at Helen.

Mr. Neal was silent for several moments after the minister had ceased speaking; and there was a little huskiness about his voice as he replied—

"Well, brother Marlette, if you can give up your native country, the refinements of civilized life, and friends, I suppose we who will have all these left to enjoy ought to be willing to give you up; but I don't see how we can get along without you; our church has never prospered under any other pastor's labors as it has under yours;" and he grasped the young man's hand and held it while the tears shone in his eyes.

"The Lord who has begun a good work, will not suffer it to come to naught!" was the minister's reply, as he seated himself where the deepening twilight partly concealed his face. Helen did not go down to supper, she had no "appetite," she said; but she insisted that her father and mother, and Mr. Marlette,

should walk after tea and enjoy the evening air.

"And leave you alone?" asked her mother. "I will ask Miss Hayes, or Miss Clermont to come up and sit with you."

"Not for anything, mother! I want to be alone. I shall sit right by this window, and look at the stars until you come back; that will be more elevating than listening to what 'Miss McFlimsy' and 'Miss McFlasher' are going to wear to the ball to night."

"A pleasant tête à tête with the stars," said the young minister, looking back.

A faint smile flickered upon the pale face as she thanked him; but it was so different from the one he had seen there six hours ago, that it was sadder than tears, he thought.

Most persons prefer to be alone, when some great sorrow has fallen upon them, which must remain their own secret; and Helen felt relieved when the door closed and she heard her friends descending the stairs. It seemed to her that she had lived a life in the last two hours; as though a blighting frost had suddenly fallen upon the blossoms of all the years she had lived, and frozen and blackened them.

In half an hour she heard a step in the hall; then came a light rap at the door.

"Sue Devellan, I'll venture," thought Helen. "Oh, why *couldn't* she stay away this evening? I shall be on the rack all the time she is here, listening to her frivolous, senseless talk. Come in!" she answered the rap, after a little delay, nerving herself for the torture.

The door opened more gently than under Sue's fluttering hand, and there stood Mr. Marlette.

"May I come in, Helen?" he asked; "or am I disturbing your interview with the stars?" he added.

"Oh, no!" she replied; "I have not looked at them for the last five minutes; although one bright, saucy sparkler has been winking at my window to attract my attention. Come in! where are papa and mamma?"

"They fell in with some friends, who detained them in the parlor; and remembering how pale you were looking, I came up to help you beguile the time till they return;" and then for half an hour he talked upon light themes, which he enlivened by pleasant little sparkles of humor, and a faint flush began to tinge the white cheeks.

"Fifteen minutes till nine!" looking at his watch. He advanced towards Helen with extended hand. "As I may not see you in the morning, perhaps I would better say good bye

this evening." He tried to smile, to look as though it were not a very sad thing; but when Helen gave him her cold, white hand, without raising her eyes, when he felt how it trembled in his, like a frightened bird, his heart leaped out in words: "Helen, darling! may God bless you, and lift upon you the 'light of His countenance.'" He pressed her hand with the same feeling that we look upon a beloved face, just before the coffin lid is shut down over it; pressed his lips upon her brow, and left the room.

Four years have passed since Edgar Marlette and Helen parted at the Springs—years of great change to Helen. A little below the grove which stood in the rear of Beechmont, were two mounds, where in summer, roses climbed, and the choicest flowers of the conservatory wrote in their bright, graceful alphabet, a loving memento of those who slept on through all seasons, never awaking.

And the glossy obelisk of Italian marble told the reader, that "Joseph and Mary Neal, his wife," had passed the door of their dreamless abode, within a week of each other; and that for two years this roof of earth had covered them. And as the angry storm brings up the pearls of the deep to the surface, which when the sunshine lay calm and bright were hidden in its depths, so these great storms which had passed over Helen's life had developed and brought to light the latent excellencies of her nature.

That pitiless destroyer, typhoid fever, had entered their home, and laid its hand upon her father in his strong manhood, and consumed his life by its fierce, scorching fires; and her mother, constitutionally delicate, and wearied by anxiety and unintermitted watching, fell an easy prey to its strong grasp.

But her mother's death pangs were the birth of a new hope, a new belief to Helen's soul. Her father had died delirious; but as the clouds of a dark day sometimes disperse just before the sun sinks below the horizon, so an hour before her mother's death, her mind became perfectly clear, as her sun of existence approached the horizon of death. Helen was sitting near her, when she awoke from a light slumber, and called her name. In a moment, the daughter was bending over her. She looked into her mother's deep blue eyes, and she knew by their expression that reason had returned. A gleam of hope brought a glad light into her face—

"You are better, mother!" she exclaimed,

joyfully, kissing her, and laying her finger on her pulse.

She looked into the eager face with a smile, tender and pitying, and then replied—

"Yes, dear child! I am almost well. This fever will soon have lost its power."

Helen started; she knew her mind was not wandering, and she looked eagerly down upon her mother's face. A cry of anguish burst from her lips, for she saw that death was making his signature upon the pinched features.

"Don't, darling! Your mother can feel for you, child! and she knows what a bitter thing it is for one who has been loved as you have to be left an orphan; but my dear, it will be but a short separation."

"Oh, if I could only believe that!" she moaned, stifling the words that her mother might not hear them. For a moment both were silent; and then Helen wiped the gushing tears from her eyes, and turned to look upon her mother's face. Her eyes were upturned, and her countenance seemed illuminated.

"Do you see them?" exclaimed the dying woman.

"See whom, mother?" thinking her mind was wandering again.

"The angels, who have come to cheer me through this hour; the room is filled with them; they are all around you."

"Do you know me, mother?" asked the sorrow-stricken girl, as she put her face close to her mother's.

"Helen, my child, be not 'faithless, but believing;' the mortal veil is being lifted from the eyes of my spirit; and my daughter, by the memory of this hour"—and her voice sank so low that Helen thought the words were her last, but presently she added, "put aside all philosophies of man, and believe in God. It is the message He sends you by your dying mother." Helen bent down and kissed her again; and the lips which had been to her a volume of love made an effort to return the pressure; but when Helen looked down upon them they were only clay, bearing the impression of the parting spirit's smile. The storm of grief that convulsed her, as she saw that her fond, loving mother was indeed gone, that she the idolized child of a week ago was now an orphan, was fierce and terrible in violence. Her cries were not loud, but like the earthquake, deep and terrific. The most violent feeling soonest exhausts itself; and in a little while she was comparatively calm. And she exclaimed—

"In this dark wilderness, where shall I

look for light! Father and mother gone! Oh, if there *was* a God! a *Heavenly* Father!" she turned and looked upon her mother's face; the sweet smile lingered there, as when she had talked of the angels. "Help my unbelief!" came trembling to her lips; and kneeling by her mother's corpse, for the first time since she was a child, Helen prayed for light to behold the cross. And the answer followed; and from this dark sorrow of her soul was born its highest hope.

After her parents' death, Beechmont was so lonely that Helen placed it under the care of an old friend of the family, and taking Aunt Prudie, removed to the city.

Changes in the character are most apparent to those with whom we are most familiar; and to Aunt Prudie, the change in Helen was marvellous. She humored her Aunt's caprices, meeting none of her whims with petulance, as she almost invariably had done in former days, and anticipated her wants, until the old lady came to regard her as perfection.

She had many admirers, but still remained single. A few times she had seen in "missionary reports," allusions to the labors "of our talented and energetic young brother, Marlette, missionary to China." Once he had written her a sympathetic letter, upon hearing of the death of her parents; farther than this, they were strangers.

The hot season had come on; a malignant fever broke out in the city, and with its pestilential breath it scorched and blackened the lip of strength and beauty. People fled to the country, and shunned the houses into which its burning foot had entered.

The city authorities were unremittant in their efforts to cleanse all places where filth could breed the merciless scourge; and panic sat upon the faces of those who walked the streets, as though the spectre might be even then pursuing them.

"Aunt Prudie" grew white with terror, as a passing neighbor put her head in at the open window to tell them that six had died that morning, only one square distant; and two out of one family.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" exclaimed "Aunt Prudie," raising her hands. "Helen, we must leave for Beechmont on the one o'clock train this afternoon."

"I have already made arrangements for you to do so," replied Helen, with no agitation in her tones. "And the widow Hale, Mrs. Ambrose, Letty Welden, and perhaps several others, will go with you,

and remain until it is safe to return to the city."

"Well that was thoughtful in you, Helen, to invite them to Beechmont. I wonder what Miss Pease 'll say, though, to having such a troop sent in on her, all of a sudden."

"It is not sudden! I wrote her nearly a week ago, that several *might* be down from the city, and to prepare herself with plenty of help, for whose payment, of course, I am responsible; and yesterday I received a letter from her, saying she could receive ten."

"And why didn't you tell *me*, Helen?" asked the old lady, pushing up her glasses, and looking sharply at her niece.

"Oh, I didn't want to alarm and excite you. The surest way of avoiding the disease, is not to fret yourself into a fever," replied Helen.

The one o'clock train came rushing into the city like a shrieking fiend. Aunt Prudie hastily donned her capacious bonnet—

"Let's see!" she said, opening the large willow basket, "here's my tonic bitters in this bottle; and here's the pain-killer in this one; and what's in *this* paper?" pinching it up with her thumb and finger, "oh, the Dover powders; and my cough drops, where are *they*, Helen?"

"Down in the other corner. I put them there myself. Be quick, aunt; you know it gives you the palpitation to walk fast, and you are afraid to ride in a 'bus because there might be some one in it coming down with the fever."

"No indeed! I wouldn't get in one of *them* 'buses! Not I! Why, I heard of a woman who died—"

"Never mind that now, Aunt Prudie! Be quick, or the train will be gone."

"Are you sure, Helen, that I have *everything* here? Here's the cough drops, and the—"

"Yes, aunt, I am *sure*! I put everything in myself. Look, you have only ten minutes left; we shall have to walk fast now, or wait until to-morrow."

"Oh, mercy! I wouldn't wait until to-morrow; one might be in a raging fever before that time;" and she moved towards the door; but just then an idea struck her, and she "halted," and asked in surprise: "Where's *your* baggage, Helen?"

"I will explain about *my* baggage as we go along;" and Helen actually seized her aunt by the arm and pulled her forward.

Once under motion, she went on very well, until about half way to the depot; then she made a sudden pause—

"Helen," she exclaimed, in a tone of mystery and despair, "we shall have to go back."

"What is the matter?" asked Helen, almost discouraged.

"We've left the ear-ache drops; and in the cool, country air one is so liable to ear-ache. I think Letty Welden told me she was *subject* to it; or did she say that she had it once when she was a child?"

"Aunt!" exclaimed Helen, pulling violently at her arm, "you are almost certain to be left; what will the company we have invited think?"

Shriek went the whistle, and Aunt Prudie, now really frightened, broke into a marvelously quick pace for her, and succeeded in reaching the cars just in time to get on board.

"Good-bye," said Helen, extending her hand. "I should be glad to go with you, but I am needed here;" and she ran down the steps before her aunt's wonder and consternation exploded in words.

"Shriek shriek, rumble rumble, whig whig, buzz buzz," and Helen saw herself safely out of Aunt Prudie's reach, whose company was waiting for her in the cars fifteen minutes before she arrived.

Helen had previously expressed to their friends who were invited to Beechmont that she should remain behind, and left them to soothe with their consolation and camphor, her aunt's alarm when the fact should be communicated to her.

Helen returned to her home; and that day witnessed in many a stricken house the entrance of a tall, elegant lady in mourning, carrying with her such delicacies as the sick require—bathing with her fair hands, throbbing temples, bending over them tenderly; and, upon looking up, those who were not delirious, saw above them a pair of large, deep, earnest eyes, and were soothed by a full, sweet voice.

"Miss Neal," said the physician whom she met one day, "you are incurring a fearful risk; throwing yourself, as it were, into the very arms of the contagion."

"I am trying to do my duty," she replied; "everywhere I go I find them suffering for want of proper nursing. I have an excellent constitution, strength, and elasticity. And oh, doctor, if you knew how much they suffer from neglect, you would not wonder that I try to make them more comfortable."

"Don't I know?" replied the doctor, warmly. "And I know farther that many a one will

bless you with his dying breath, and in the world to come; and, my dear young lady, do not receive it as flattery when I say that you possess qualities which would do honor to a general."

Weeks passed on, and a gauze crept over the dull heavens; now and then a leaden cloud trailed its ragged skirt along the horizon; and finally, like the cannons which proclaim that a foe is conquered, the thunder broke in startling peals along the silence of the sky. And as the dashing rain came rushing through the heated air, tears of joy and gratitude fell from eyes which had been stony with despair.

In a few days the fever began to abate; and finally business slipped into its grooves again. Now and then a case of fever occurred, but in most cases the patients were permitted to remain at their homes.

Helen had passed through the danger unharmed; her cheek was a little paler, and the large, bright eyes had receded a trifle.

"A few mornings work in my flower-garden will restore all I have lost," she replied, when a friend referred to her appearance.

It was near twilight; the large, low windows of a proud old mansion were thrown open, and into the room where the evening breezes were thus invited a woman lay dying with consumption; a few friends were gathered around her, and a stranger passing paused, as though spell-bound, as a voice fell upon his ear, and in its deep, rich cadences the words came through the open window—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters," etc.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Then the reader spoke to the dying woman a few words full of Christian hope and confidence.

"Helen!" said the woman, faintly; and the remainder of the sentence did not reach his ears; and the name came as an answer to the trembling hope which the voice had awakened in his heart; and yet he dared not believe it. Going up the steps he read upon the door-plate, "Pomeroy."

"My aunt's name, and the number of her house," he added, in surprise.

In answer to his light rap, the door was opened with that quiet movement which all observe in the presence of the king of terrors.

"Is this the residence of Mrs. Agnes Pomeroy?" he asked.

"It is, sir; but she is *dying*," the last word sinking into a whisper.

"If she is still conscious," said the man, "tell her that her sister's son, Edgar Marlette, has come to see her."

The servant opened the door; Mrs. Pomeroy was perfectly conscious, and occasionally spoke, but with effort.

"Does some one want to see me, Mary?" she asked; she had heard the door open.

"Yes!" she replied, with some hesitation; "a gentleman, who says he is your sister's son; I think he said his name was Edgar Marlette."

"Bring him in, Mary!" and she turned her eyes eagerly towards the door.

At the sound of the name, which for years had never been absent from her thoughts, Helen's face turned almost as white as that of the dying woman; and she dropped into a chair, which partially concealed her. All her strength yielded as she saw the face browned by Eastern exposure, but with the same features and the same eyes which were ever present in memory.

It was no time for recognitions then, as he approached his aunt; a few glad words of welcome from Mrs. Pomeroy, a few responses in the deep, thrilling voice of the minister, and there was no sickness in the room.

In the silence which ensued, Helen arose from her seat, and for the first time her eyes met those of the minister.

"Am I right in believing I recognize in you an old friend?" he asked, scanning her face, which had lost in vivacity but gained in depth and sweetness.

"Yes; if you recognize in me Helen Neal, of Beechmont," she replied, simply extending her hand.

It seemed a poor welcome; but meagre words are often the veil of deepest feeling; and taking up her bonnet she hastily left the room.

Three days later, Edgar Marlette was sitting in the parlor of Helen Neal.

"Helen," he said, after the evening had partly slipped away, "I have come to tell you what it has been the struggle of my soul for the last four years not to reveal, that the love which has been yours so long, although unoffered, is laid at your feet; not more ardent than at first, but now with the approval of duty. Have I come too late, Helen?" he added, for she did not reply.

The hand which he had taken trembled as upon the evening when they had parted at the Springs, as he added—

"Helen, you can never know the bitterness, the anguish, with which I left your room the night before I started for New York. It seemed that all the strength of my heart's passion had arrayed itself against my Christian character, and for a short time I forgot everything, only that I loved you. And in those few moments of my soul's darkness I resolved to resign my ministerial charge, and tell you what I have told you to-night, and went half way up the stairs to your room. Just then came vividly to my mind the remembrance of the look with which the Saviour turned to Peter in the Hall of Judgment; and weak and trembling I retraced my steps. When recalled to America to present the claims of the heathen, I resolved to avoid the danger of your presence; and when in quest of my aunt's residence, your voice, which I should have known in China, fell upon my ear in *those* words, it was as though one had arisen from the dead. And now, Helen, if you tell me that your heart is already occupied, or that you cannot love me, I will leave you, and never trouble you by my presence again."

She did not reply, and a shadow settled upon his face, which a moment before had been animated.

"I understand! I am too late!" he said, huskily, with a movement to arise.

"You need not go, Mr. Marlette!" Helen found voice to say; "your absence has caused me too much pain already."

A light flashed into his face, and his tones were low and tender as he asked, "Do you love me, Helen?" and in the answer which followed was the lifting of the chill and darkness from two lives—the seal which united two hearts forever.

Letters.

BY A. C. S. A.

As fragrance from the flower's heart,
Softly perfumes the summer air,
And we its odors sweet inhale,
Although the blossom is not there,

So letters are the mind's perfume;
The fragrance that the spirit sends
To soothe, to strengthen, and support,
And bind the hearts of absent friends.

Seeing too Much.

BY F. L. SARMIENTO.

"Did you notice how Emma swept out of the room then?"

The speaker was a maiden aunt, who had come to pay a "short" visit to the N— family. Her niece, a rather heedless girl, it must be confessed, of some fifteen summers, had just left the room—closing the door somewhat noisily behind her.

"Well no, I cannot say I did," answered Mrs. N—, thus appealed to. "In fact, surrounded by children, as I am all day—crying here, another squalling there—I do believe that I have become oblivious to noises of all kinds."

"It wasn't the noise so much, Sally, that I spoke of, as the manner. If you had but seen the manner in which Emma slammed that door. Why it went straight to my heart, as though I had been struck."

"But, dear aunt, you are too sensitive."

"No, Sally, I am not sensitive. But I have EYES, I am sorry to say, and I can SEE with them; and, when that girl slammed that door, I could see that she intended to say, as plain as plain could be, that she hated me and all connected with me."

"Now, dear aunt, that is positively unjust! First of all, Emma has had nothing to make her cross. Nothing, I am sure, has been said to offend her; and, moreover, I do not think that, supposing such were the case, she would vent her spleen in so unlady-like and disagreeable a manner as you imagine."

"Don't care!" muttered the old lady, doggedly. "I've got EYES, and I see what other people don't. And I tell you that Emma is angry at something. Though, laws knows! what I have done that she should get angry with me." And here Aunt Martyn opened the shark-like mouth of her steel-bead bag and drew forth a voluminous pocket-handkerchief. "I don't know what I've ever done to her, I'm sure! (Sob.) I've always been good and kind to her (sob), goodness knows!"

Annoyed and nervous, Mrs. N— arose and left the room, almost persuaded that Aunt Martyn must be right, although she, herself, had seen nothing. She determined therefore to reprove her daughter, and for that purpose now sought her room. Emma was there, her face beaming good-naturedly. Certainly without the slightest trace of any anger.

"Why were you angry with aunt, just now, Emma?" she asked.

"Angry? Why I wasn't angry, mamma," answered the young girl, in a surprised tone.

"Not angry! Well, you acted as though you were—at least so your aunt thinks."

"Oh bother!" exclaimed Emma, now quite provoked. "Aunt's entirely too touchy. She is all the time imagining things. For my part I wish she had never come to the house. I'm sure there has been nothing but trouble ever since she came. I just wish that she would stay at home."

"Emma," said Mrs. N—, grieved at her daughter's words, "I am surprised at your speaking of any one in such disrespectful tones. Indeed, I'm much afraid your aunt is right when she pronounces you 'wayward.'"

"I wish aunt would mind her own affairs!" cried Emma, now highly excited, for she felt that she had been most unjustly judged by her Aunt Martyn, whom she dearly loved in spite of her words. "I just wish aunt would mind her own affairs!"

"Much comfort have I in my children!" sighed poor Mrs. N—, as she prepared to return to the "sewing-room" again. "Quarrels and disagreeable incidents all the time. It never used to be so; and, indeed, it does really seem, as Emma says, that it has only been so since Aunt Martyn came to the house. She sees everything, and notices fifty things that I would pass over."

So saying, Mrs. N— turned the knob of the door that led into her sanctum, called the "sewing-room;" but scarce had she done so, when a loud ereech from Aunt Martyn saluted her ears, intermingled with angry words from her youngest boy, who had been kept home from school on account of a slight cold.

Poor Mrs. N— turned her eyes heavenward, as though to ask, "What now? What new annoyance?"

On entering the room she found her little boy couched weeping in one corner, while Aunt Martyn held in her hand the evident cause of the commotion—a light parlor-ball.

"There! There! My goodness gracious! If that ball had bounced the other way it would have dashed that mirror all to pieces. How you can worry me so, I don't see!"

"Neddy, Neddy, how can you?" demanded poor Mrs. N—, now nervous and excited, seizing the little fellow and shaking him. "How can you worry your aunt this way!" Then turning to that formidable personage, she asked, "What was he doing, aunt?"

"Why he was throwing up that ball, and every minute I expected to see it come crash-

ing through the looking-glass, or windows, or something else."

"Why, Neddy, how can you be so naughty?" asked the mother, giving the child another shake. "Have I not told you often not to worry your aunt?"

"I a'n't naughty at all," sobbed the little fellow, "I a'n't naughty at all. I was just playing with this ball, and it wouldn't break anything, so it wouldn't. And you said I might play with it, too."

"So I did," returned Mrs. N——, now first regarding the facts in their true light. "I'm sure, aunt," she continued, somewhat remonstratingly, "you need not have been worried. It is only a parlor-ball, made light and elastic on purpose, so that it is almost impossible to break anything with it. See," and taking it she threw it against one of the window-panes, "it rebounds without doing the least damage."

"I know," was the answer, in a testy tone. "It might answer very well for some people to have children throwing balls and things where looking-glasses and such things are, but I can't stand it. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, I've got eyes, and I can't help but see what *might* happen."

"Yes, and she sees a great many things that *mightn't* happen too!" exclaimed Neddy, vehemently.

"You naughty boy! Aint you ashamed to speak so?"

"That child's fairly itching for a whipping, Sally, and it's your duty to give it to him," interposed Aunt Martyn. "I've just been watching him all this blessed morning, and the thousand ways that he has tried to aggravate me would try the patience of a saint. No," she continued, in answer to a look of surprise involuntarily drawn from poor Mrs. N——; "of course you didn't see it, but I've got eyes, Sally, and when I see a thing I know what's meant by it."

"Well, I must confess that I didn't notice the child doing anything wrong; but if you say so, aunt, it must be so. So, Neddy, just you walk up to bed as a punishment for speaking rudely just now, and I don't know whether I will give you any dinner or not. Go, you naughty boy;" and despite the little fellow's tears and protestations, she pushed him out of the room and closed the door upon him.

Mrs. N—— was at most times an indulgent mother, but being naturally nervous, was easily influenced by others, when she was,

again, too severe. At ordinary times she was content with seeing her children's faults and correcting them, but when Aunt Martyn was about, she saw with *her* eyes, and acted accordingly.

Time passed, and the hour approached at which Mr. N—— came home usually to dine, and true to the appointed time his brisk footstep was heard.

"Where's Neddy?" he asked, as he entered his wife's little sanctum. "Where's Neddy?"

"Why, Neddy, I am sorry to say, has annoyed aunt so much that I was forced to punish him by sending him to bed."

"That's quite unusual," said Mr. N——, regretfully, for he always looked forward at the dinner hour to a good romp with the little fellow, as a relaxation from business thoughts and cares. "I am sorry he annoyed aunt," he continued; "what did he do to annoy her?"

"Why, he was playing with his ball, and aunt was afraid that he would break something."

"What, with that little parlor-ball?"

"Yes."

"Humph!" coughed Mr. N——, by no means satisfied. "But where's Emma?"

Emma was in bed also. She had felt so deeply what she could not but deem Aunt Martyn's injustice, that she had wept herself sick. A fearful headache was the consequence, and Emma, as the servant expressed it, "didn't want no dinner."

At table one annoyance after the other followed. Faults were discovered that never were thought of before. And all by Aunt Martyn. The rest of the children were detected *on the point of*, or "just about to commit" a thousand flagrant breaches of etiquette. In the servants were discovered a thousand neglectful doings. Cross words and hasty rejoinders were heard on all sides, while Aunt Martyn assured poor Mrs. N—— that to spare the rod was certain to spoil the child, and read her a lecture upon "bringing up" children generally.

"There! there! You'll break that tumbler!"

"Why, goodness, aunt, the child wasn't touching the glass," interposed poor Mrs. N——, almost beside herself.

"No. But he was just a-going to. I saw him; I was watching him."

Between the "I wasn't," and "You were," that now followed, Mr. N—— arose. For some time he had been moving restlessly

in his chair, and now he could sit still no longer.

"Well, this is just about enough of this," exclaimed he. "I'll not bear with it any longer. Why, I would as soon be in Bedlam; and yet it never used to be so."

"No, I suppose not," sobbed Aunt Martyn, opening the everlasting shark's mouth, and searching for her pocket-handkerchief. "No, because you were too wrapped up in your children to perceive it. But I can see it—thank goodness, I've got eyes."

"And that's the whole cause of the trouble," said Mr. N——, quite sternly. "You see too much. You see things before they happen, and many things that never do happen—so good day. Mrs. N——, until I can enjoy my dinner in peace, I shall dine down town."

* * * * *

That evening, when Mr. N—— returned from his place of business, he found that Aunt Martyn had left, "highly offended;" nor was he sorry for it. And as he put on his slippers and drew near the fire that night, while his children gathered happily around him, he could not but exclaim—

"Heaven protect us from any one again that sees *too much!*" and heartily we echo his prayer.

The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

It is nightfall in November, in a quiet old country village that leans to the sea. The landscape has a certain dreary picturesqueness in it, as it lies cold and lowering under the thick, gray-white clouds. The wind blows in the mists from the sea—mists that bring a sharp, stinging chill with them. The meadows and the fields, and the deep frill of grass by the roadside are all faded—wind and rain have quite worn out the summer's robe everywhere. In the distance the hills which guard the old, rambling village that leans to the sea, stand up stern, dreary, defiant—their branches shorn, their foreheads bare, waiting for the winter, wrapped in garments of storm and darkness, to pass by.

This old New England village was famous for its fine scenery, and the view from that rising ground just beyond the brown mill, was one of the finest for miles around.

Far off on the left was the sea, making a blue curve distinct from the blue of the horizon, and nearer were green swells of woodland, and pretty clusters of white houses, and homely old homesteads and country roads, which seemed like a saffron-colored cord winding over a dead green ground, and little streams making silver fringes here and there, altogether an enchanting picture in the summer.

And the girl, or young woman she is now, standing on that bit of rising ground behind the mill, listens to the angry riot of the waters, swelled by the recent rain, as they lash and tear themselves along the banks.

She has stood there many times; feasted her eyes, gladdened her soul on that same scene when it had on its garments of praise and beauty. She feels the contrast now. Some look of pain and loss blurs her eyes and saddens her face for a moment. There she stands, a young, slender woman, all in gray and brown, which, plain as they are, have some fine harmony of tints that give her an appearance of being better dressed than she really is.

This girl has a remarkably attractive face. Some writer says, quaintly, and I am inclined to believe it, that "if any woman can look pretty at times, she ought to be content."

But it seems that this girl must do that always with those delicate features, that soft, clear complexion, those deep, bright eyes, and the red line of her lips, and the small roses in her cheeks stung into unusual bloom by the wind.

This girl, standing by the old mill, and gazing with hungry eyes over the village of Woodleaf, darkening in the mists and the night, is Janet Strong, with her life widened by six years. They have done a great deal for her. They have made her in face and figure all, and perhaps better than her childhood promised. They have brought some sharp trials and constant struggling. It must naturally be so with one who has neither friends nor fortune in the world, nobody in short to whom to look for aid in any emergency.

But Janet had a strong purpose, a persistent will, and thanks to her early country life, good health. After she left Mrs. Kenneth's, she was not long in obtaining a situation in an adjoining town, where she worked for her board and attended the district school for a couple of years, concentrating all her energies of soul and body on this one object of mental improvement. Such a girl would be likely to

make a bright scholar. Janet did, and at the end of two years the district school teacher fell ill, and her mantle dropped on Janet. She had worn it four years. The work was arduous, and the salary in that out of the way village small enough.

But then she was independent. What a long breath of joy she drew over that thought when she first realized all it meant! She could earn her board and clothes. This, with a few books, and the yearly prizes for her scholars, was about all the salary allowed. But with this the poor girl felt like a princess the first year.

Gradually, however, the feeling wore off, and another, or rather a host of others came to take their places, some of them very nearly related to those old, weary, dumb, restless ones she had so often experienced.

But she kept on at her work, studying still to improve herself, and perhaps hardly guessing how much she did grow in all respects, in that narrow and comparatively barren sphere of her labors. Of course the position of district school teacher gave Janet an entrée into all the best families; but Woodleaf was a drowsy, agricultural village, and among the farmers' wives she never found one a whit beyond herself in social cultivation or intelligence, certainly she never found amongst them any glimpse of a life like that she had seen at Mrs. Kenneth's. She had grown now to think of that time without any of the old, sore pain at her heart. These years had even drawn a kindly veil betwixt her and the memory of Robert Crandall, though it was a long, long time before this could be.

He had been the ideal of Janet's youth. No one ever supplanted for a moment his place in her memory, and the contrast betwixt him and all the men she met subsequently, would not be likely to depreciate him in her estimation. Then too, it had this good effect. Those few weeks' association with a man of so much cultivation as Robert Crandall, had refined her taste and elevated her ideals.

Some of the young farmers in the neighborhood, attracted by Janet's face, made a good many efforts to cultivate her society, but unconsciously to the girl herself, there was some fine dignity or reserve about her which effectually prevented her rustic suitors from making farther advances.

Not that her heart was still engrossed by Robert Crandall. Janet was of a bright, healthy, recuperative nature, and although

her affections had certainly suffered a terrible wrench at the time she left Robert Crandall, they had not struck their roots down to the springs of her life.

She was little more than a child then, although one evening did almost make a woman of her. Her thoughts slid back to that time now, for there had been an unusual soreness and despondency amongst them all day.

She had grown quite tired of the sight of the little red school-house, with its great, bare room, and the gaunt benches and desks. Her fate had seemed to darken around her, close, barren, relentless. She had said to herself that her youth was baffled and defeated on every side, that her future stretched away down the years, as the bare gray reach by the sea, with no shade of tree nor light of flowers. She shivered as she looked down the road of her life, and saw the solitary figure bearing the same burdens, going through the same unvarying round of toil.

And after a day in this frame of mind had Janet Strong paused behind the mill to look at the landscape whose general tone harmonized too closely with her morbid feelings; and it was well just then, when the lights of hope were darkened at the windows of her soul, and the anchors of her faith seemed all to have given way, it was well that Janet's thoughts went back to that great danger and crisis of her life. Here was a real, tangible evil from which she had been delivered. There, when her feet had stood on the brink of a precipice so fearful that she shuddered at the very thought of it, a Hand had been reached out to lead her away.

Janet never remembered that time without feeling that the love and the care were still about her life, that it was watched over and remembered by One who would not forget her in her need and loneliness.

Dear reader, there are many who have walked, it may be, unconsciously in the shadow of some awful temptation, of some mistake or evil which might have wrecked their lives; and from this, in some blessed moment they have been delivered. The flame has not so much as scorched their garments, the last fatal step over the precipice has not been taken; and remembering that time, surely one has cause for a life of gladness, and gratitude, and charity.

The mists cleared up from Janet's soul as she thought. A new feeling of humility and faith stole into her soul as the wind drove up

from the pine woods some faint fragrance. She turned and walked rapidly down the hill with some new hope and comfort at her heart. She did not suspect that while she stood on the hill too absorbed to notice any event transpiring about her, that a carriage had passed with a solitary occupant, whose attention had been attracted to the still figure on the hill long before he reached it.

And his curiosity being excited by Janet's attitude, the gentleman had managed to get a view of her face as he drove slowly past. He saw it all, the parted lips, red as the clusters of barberries which hung thick on the bushes in the low pastures, the cheeks stung into unnatural bloom by the sea wind, and the blue eyes with the absorbed, restrained expression in them which always denotes secret pain.

This gentleman had keen appreciation of beauty, and just then Janet's was brought out to peculiar advantage, against the background of those wan clouds and the chill, desolate earth. There was a singular picturesqueness in her attitude too. Altogether the gentleman was struck with it, in a way that must certainly have flattered the girl had she suspected it, but she did not, and hurried on with a little shiver towards her home.

CHAPTER II.

The old stone mansion occupied a commanding site in the outskirts of the village. Its east windows looked to the sea, and its west to the mountains; and the ample grounds which suited the stately, but by no means showy mansion in their midst, were laid out with a rare degree of taste. Hedges of buckthorn enclosed the whole, and there were sloping lawns, with brave old horse-chestnuts and cedars, whose deep green seemed like a memory of the lost summer, thrilling the wintry air; and grand walks that gleamed in the distance like a silver gray overshot in the faded grass; and the two great stone lions that flanked the steps, kept their grim wardenship over grounds and dwelling.

The sitting room on this especial night was a glow of warmth, and color, and light. Yet there was no profusion or ostentation anywhere. A few choice landscapes flamed their living beauty along the walls, and the bright sea-coal fire deluged the room with a rich maroon glow, in wonderful contrast with the cold and pallor outside.

"Well, Evelyn, this is pleasant to a man after a ride of ten miles on such a day!" and the speaker, in Cashmere dressing-gown and

embroidered slippers, settled himself down in his ample arm-chair.

"I should fancy it must be an agreeable contrast. Oh, Guy, you dear creature, how tedious and dreadful it must have been!"

The lady's voice interpreted herself, with its soft, pliant, undeveloped tones; I mean undeveloped in all high senses of experience, sympathy, reflection. It was girlish, and lacked character, which however might be latent in the possessor, and yet it was a very pleasant voice to hear, gliding softly along its sibilants.

"It was all that and something else, Evelyn. You see I was wise in my refusal, after all, to take the ride alone."

The small, restless head that had a thousand pretty tricks of motion was poised steadily now.

"I do not like wise people," said the lady, for she was a wife, little as she looked or acted the name. "I like people that live out their impulses, their fancies, their humors. I shall never make a wise woman. I was never cut out in that pattern."

"I suspect not," smiling down on the small lady as she sat at his feet in an attitude of most bewitching grace, and the firelight at play in her fine gold hair.

Mrs. Humphreys was hardly twenty-one now, and she did not look her years. A mere child she was still, with a face which won you to love it, as children's faces do for their sweetness and simplicity. She was of the golden-haired, blue eyed, peach-bloom type, only there was vivacity and brightness enough about her to relieve her from any reproach of insipidity in face or manner. There was no lack of intelligence either, and she had strong capacities for good or evil; but she was one of those natures that ripen late, and living now her pretty, sparkling, surface life, into which the coming years would plough deep, finding what sort of soil lay beneath, Evelyn Humphreys had a history in no wise peculiar.

It is that of thousands of the more favored of her sex—favored after all, it may be, only in a narrow and temporary sense. She was a spoiled child; the only and idolized daughter of parents whose wealth and taste enabled them to surround her with every grace and luxury of life. Then she seemed especially made for sheltering and petting, the sweet, dainty, sparkling little creature, and blooded into her graceful, fascinating womanhood, with about as much realization of its griefs and faiths, its great, sanctifying joys and

sorrows, as the canaries who sang her eyes open every morning.

And at this time, Guy Humphreys' path and hers crossed each other. He was half a dozen years her senior, a man of fine cultivation, of generous nature and lofty sentiments. But he too, had none of that seasoning and toughening which comes of hard and brave wrestling with life. His parents had died in his boyhood, he was the heir of considerable wealth, he was left to the guardianship of a doting bachelor uncle, he had passed through college most creditably, and had travelled two years abroad, and then in an indolent, intermittent fashion, set about studying for his profession.

Guy Humphreys certainly did not find in Evelyn Winchester his ideal woman, for he had one, and she combined all beautiful qualities of heart with all noble qualities of mind, but he was not the less enchanted with this most bewitching little fairy.

There was no stormy courtship here. Not the faintest ripple of disapproval stirred its smooth waters. Guy had just those qualities of person, and all those chivalric graces of manner, which are most likely to attract the fancies of a girl like Evelyn; and he had those more solid adjuncts of wealth, character, position, which would turn the scales in his favor with her parents.

So, the suit of Guy Humphreys prospered, and with joyous bridal festival, and costly gifts, and marriage settlements, he took to wife the pretty, spoiled child, Evelyn Winchester.

For nearly two years things had gone smoothly as marriage bells with the wedded pair. Both were naturally good natured, if matters moved without especial jarring, which is more than can be said of a great many people; both believed themselves deeply in love with the other, and taking into consideration the character of each, their married life had thus far quite fulfilled its expectations.

In less than two years after his nephew's marriage, the uncle of Guy Humphreys found it necessary to go abroad for a year, and proposed to the young couple that they should install themselves during his absence at the old stone mansion in Woodleaf, where he passed much of his time. The novelty of the thing at once attracted Evelyn Humphreys. The prospect of being mistress of her own house seemed to bring with it a wonderful accession of dignity; and as Guy rather favored the plan, she had her own way, coax-

ing and arguing away with more or less pretty sophistries, all of her parents' objections and fears to this new arrangement.

They concluded that, accustomed as she was to the excitement and gayety of city life, she would sicken with ennui in the country before the winter was over, and after the novelty of the new life had worn off she would be glad enough to return home. So they indulged all her pretty zeal on this occasion, and early in the autumn Guy Humphreys brought his young wife to Woodleaf.

Evelyn's delight in her new home did not wear off as soon as her parents expected. She really had a genuine taste for country scenery, and as the housekeeper quite absorbed all domestic care and responsibility, Evelyn experienced a new pleasure and sense of importance in being ostensible mistress of her own household.

In the course of a few weeks a new inmate was added to the family in a daughter of a favorite cousin of Guy's, who had been his almost inseparable companion in his boyhood.

He was a generous, fine-souled, but rash, immethodical nature; had married young, wrecked most of his property, which was not large, in his first ventures in business, and then gone South with his young wife and child to retrieve his fortunes.

The climate was not kind to the young mother, and in a little while she faded and died; her husband followed her after struggling through a few years, and on his death-bed he dictated a touching appeal to the brother of his boyhood, confiding his helpless little daughter to his cousin's love and protection, and imploring him to take the place of her dead father to his child.

Guy Humphreys was not the heart to resist an appeal like that. The child was sent for without delay, and Maude Woolcott, a little timid, bewildered child of six years, reached the new home where welcome, and care, and tenderness were lavished on her. Mrs. Humphreys took a fancy to the child. Indeed Guy had taken good care that his wife's interest and pity should be awakened in behalf of his small relative before her arrival; so she was petted and indulged between the two quite as much as was likely to prove beneficial to her in any respect.

"Did you have any adventures during your ride?" asked Mrs. Humphreys, as she sat before the fire waiting for the supper bell, for they had old-fashioned hours in the country. "You always meet with some-

thing funny, or marvellous, or out of the way."

"Well, this ride was an exception. I never in the course of my experience had a barer, blanker nine miles back and forth than this one. I scarcely met a person on the road, coming or going, except that solitary figure in gray and brown on the hill."

"Was it a man's or woman's, Guy?" asked Evelyn, with a show of idle curiosity.

"A woman's, my dear; young and remarkably pretty at that. She first attracted my attention long before I reached her, as she stood there on that bit of elevated ground just behind the old mill, where we stopped our carriage the other day to get the view."

"What was she doing there?" asked Evelyn, making pictures out of the coals which were now a bed of red fire blossoms.

"That's what puzzled me. There she stood, still as a statue, her figure carved out with strange picturesqueness against the sombre background of sky and earth. I fancy she was looking at the landscape, but *that* was blurred all over with mists and dark, and lowering with night and age, not one attractive feature in it."

"Did you see her, Guy?" pursuing her questions, because she did not at that moment happen to have anything else to talk about.

"Yes; as I rode by; although I am certain the solitary figure did not see me, so absorbed was she. But it was a remarkable pretty face, with well cut features, and small roses in the cheeks, and lips that were like the reddest of those coals down there. The eyes were blue, not afloat in sunbeams and laughter like yours, Evelyn, but with some sadness or repression in them."

"How closely you must have watched her. Quite too much so, indeed, for a married man," and out of the arch lips flickered a little, bright laugh, very pleasant to hear.

Guy laughed too. Evelyn's manner always gave a peculiar point to her words, making them seem much more than they really were.

"It did not strike me in that light at the time," he said. "I *should* like to know who that girl was, or what she was thinking of."

"Oh, it's just struck me, it must have been Miss Strong, the district school teacher," said Mrs. Deal, the housekeeper, who had entered the room during the latter part of the conversation, and listened to it with some interest. "I saw her at meeting the other Sunday, and inquired her out. I know she's the person, from your description."

"Does she teach that crowd of tow-headed boys and girls who burst out from that little old, red shell just beyond the creek?"

"Yes; she must have a hard time of it with such a coarse, unruly set," volunteered Mrs. Deal.

"I should think so. No wonder she looked absorbed and troubled. She *has* my sympathy."

"How I wish I could see *her*," chimed in Mrs. Humphreys, who was in the habit of idle whims of this kind.

"I don't see the way, my dear, unless you send Maude to the district school. I suppose you would hardly like to place her in the midst of such an uncouth, obstreperous set, even to gratify your curiosity to see the teacher."

"Of course I shouldn't, Guy. One of these days Maude must have a governess. She must be an accomplished young lady, just as if she was our very own."

Guy Humphreys bent forward and kissed his young wife, fervently. He was always extremely gratified when she exhibited any especial solicitude for Maude's welfare, for he well knew there were plenty of women in the world who would not have received the little orphan to her heart and home as Mrs. Humphreys had done. Then the next moment he slapped her smartly on the shoulder—

"That's a capital idea, Evelyn! How did it find its way into your little cranium? We can try the district school teacher for this office of governess to Maude."

"That would be very nice, only I don't believe she could teach Italian and French, and as I said, Maude must be accomplished."

"Nonsense! there's time enough for that, and I expect to take both of you to Paris with me some day. What she wants now is a good, sound, English foundation, and that, I'll be bound, the girl could furnish her."

"Well then, Guy, supposing you call around some time to-morrow and have a talk with the teacher? You're not obliged to take her you know, if she doesn't wear on acquaintance; but it will make the way clear for me to get a look at her, which may be all I want."

"Suppose you go with me and judge for yourself. We'll kill both the birds with one stone."

Just then the tea bell rang. The sound of it banished for the time all thoughts of the district school teacher from the mind of Guy Humphreys and his wife, as he rose up and gave the lady his arm.

But on what apparently very small hinges turn the great events of our destiny! That idle whim of curiosity on the part of Mrs. Evelyn Humphreys, was to form a great turning point in the life and fate of Janet Strong!

CHAPTER III.

The next day was clear, and warm for the season, as though a little lost sunshine of the summer had been left in the year's wine-press, and now in a softened mood she spilled it over the crisped, sodden earth, and it glowed and brightened under it a little, as aged faces do sometimes under the memories of their lost youth.

The district school teacher was neither poet nor artist, but as she went past the old brown mill, with the tired feeling which she always carried away from the last half of her day's work, her thoughts of the year and the day were much what I have written.

But when she reached the wide old farmhouse where she boarded, all such fancies were effectually put to flight by the farmer's wife, who met her at the door, her face full of some important mystery, saying—

"I'm so glad you've come! What do you think's happened! Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys have been in the parlor for the last fifteen minutes, waitin' for you!"

"For me! for me!" murmured the bewildered school teacher. "There must be some mistake."

She had occasionally heard the name of the great people of the village, for they formed of course one of the principal topics which stirred the dead calm of Woodleaf society, but she had never met with a member of the family, excepting Guy's uncle, whose drives had occasionally crossed her walks, but with whom she had never exchanged a word.

"No, there isn't any mistake," stoutly affirmed the farmer's excited wife. "I made sure on that head. It's Miss Strong, the village school teacher, they're after."

Janet hurried up to her room like one in a dream, slipped off her hat and shawl, smoothed her hair, made some little improvements in the details of her dress, and then went down into the parlor.

The gentleman and lady sitting there looked at her with a good deal of polite curiosity as she entered, and the former rose up and presented himself and his wife, with a tone and air of breeding which at once carried Janet back to Robert Crandall.

"You will excuse us for this unceremoni-

ous visit, and for our abrupt fashion of making known its errand. Mrs. Humphreys and myself are anxious to obtain, without delay, a governess for a relative of ours, a little adopted niece, a child who needs instruction in the English branches."

"And," subjoined Mrs. Humphreys, who thought it quite becoming her position and dignity to have a voice in the matter, "we heard of you through our housekeeper, Mrs. Deal, and thought you might find it more agreeable to have a single scholar than fifty of them—at least there would be no harm in asking."

Janet listened to the words. She turned her gaze from the gentleman to the fair and dainty lady, in her wrappings of silk and velvet by his side—the whole thing bewildered her. She passed her hand across her face, and then looked up again, with her blue eyes drowned in blank amazement, and she said, quite as much to herself as her hearers—

"Surely, I must be dreaming!"

"I don't wonder you think so, Miss Strong," said Evelyn Humphreys, and her laugh twittered out gayly. "It's enough to turn one's wits to come upon them in this fashion; but really we are quite in earnest in the matter of wanting a governess for Maude, and she is a bright, loving little thing, who won't give you much trouble, and I fancy you won't find us very disagreeable people to live with."

So at last Janet began to realize that all this was something beside a dream; but her first consciousness in the matter was a feeling of utter incompetency for the position offered her. She must put aside this great, good gift, which transcended all that she ever dared to hope for. Janet knew nothing of policy in business matters, and in this case her simplicity availed her most.

"You have done me a great honor in offering me this situation, and I am not insensible of it, but I must tell you, with sorrow, that I am entirely unqualified for it. I know nothing of music, or French, or any of the modern accomplishments. I have had largely to teach myself, and am capable of taking the charge of a district school where only the most ordinary branches are taught."

"And that's really all we want for Maude. As for music and French, and those things, there'll be time enough, and she's quite behind school-girls of her age, having passed all her life in South America, where it's too warm, or the people are too lazy to study."

"How eager and sensible the little lady

does talk," thought Guy Humphreys, who was vastly amused at the importance she assumed in this interview.

There was a lurking gleam of fun in his eyes, which neutralized the extreme gravity of his tones, as he said—

"I was not aware until this moment, Mrs. Humphreys, that you had investigated so thoroughly the social and educational habits of South America."

Evelyn leaned back in her chair and laughed merrily.

"That is the way, Miss Strong, in which he always treats my opinions on any serious subject. But I'm right in this one, for all that."

"I didn't dispute it, my dear. I only wondered where you had attained such a degree of information." Then he turned to Janet, who had been deeply amused with all this. "But, to return to the matter in hand. I assure you, you need have no scruples with regard to your qualifications for teaching our little girl. She wants to learn just what your scholars in the school over there do—how to read, and write, and spell, with the multiplication table and the first principles of geography. We can get her masters for the ornamental branches as soon as it is necessary. So, if this is your only scruple, don't let it stand in your way for a moment."

"It is my only one, Mr. Humphreys," answered Janet, who had now regained something of composure. "I need not tell you how glad I must be to accept your offer, or that, if you intrust your niece to my care, that I shall do the best that lies in my power for her instruction."

"Then it is a bargain, I think. Now about the salary. What will satisfy you for the year?"

"I have not the slightest idea what my services will be worth to you. You will satisfy me by settling that," she answered.

The gentleman named a sum which far exceeded her expectations. It was more than double the amount which she received as district school teacher. All collateral matters were easily adjusted. Janet feared there might be some difficulty in getting the committee to provide another teacher before the close of the term, but Mr. Humphreys said he could manage all that, in a tone which left no doubt as to his faith in his own powers of convincing that august body, and it was settled before he left, that Janet should on the following week take up her home in the Humphreys mansion on the hill.

"Oh, isn't she pretty, Guy! I'm certain that I shall like her," said Mrs. Humphreys, as her husband handed her into the carriage.

But for Janet—she went straight to her room, the farmer's curious wife having to content herself as she best could, with the teacher's promise of relating all which had transpired during the interview; and sinking down on her knees by the bedside, she sobbed out her thanks to God, for the new gift He had sent her. And so it was that Janet Strong took her new fortune!

"Come here Maude. I want to tell you about the new governess you're to have next week," said Guy Humphreys to the little girl, as she entered the room to bid him and Mrs. Humphreys good night.

The little orphan rubbed her fingers into her sleeping brown eyes, and shook her short, thick curls very decidedly.

"I don't like governesses. They're always old, and cross, and ugly, like duennas. The little English girl I loved in South America told me so, and she knew, for she had one in London."

"Oh, but this lady is of a different type altogether," answered Guy, amused at the child's picture of her ideal governess. "She's young and very pretty, and will be very kind, and teach you a great many nice things that you will like to learn."

"I shant like to learn anything. I'd rather play with you and Aunt Evelyn. It's a great deal nicer than studying," persisted the child.

And so, finding that this fancy had taken deep root in her mind, Guy desisted from further remark on the subject, certain that when the little girl saw her new governess, all these preconceived notions would be put to flight. The event proved his wisdom. The Woodleaf committee were easily induced by Guy's representations to provide another teacher for the red school-house, and at the appointed time, Janet made her advent at the stone mansion, and her shy, but bright-faced little pupil was reluctantly led in to see her.

"She is only a little younger than I, when I was left fatherless and motherless too," thought Janet, and this gave a new tenderness to her face and voice, as she asked, "Will you come and let me see you, my child?" and Maude went, with her eyes wide and searching on her new teacher's face.

Mr Humphreys watched the meeting with a good deal of interest.

"There, Maude, didn't I tell you the truth?

Don't you think you will like Miss Strong, after all?"

"Yes, I think I shall, Uncle Guy," was the child's decided answer, and she put up her mouth for a kiss.

What a change to Janet Strong from the farm-house, with its coarse, narrow, cramped life, to this charmed one in the stone mansion! Her very chamber, with its soft colors and luxurious furniture, was fairly an inspiration, and then she had the beauty of pictures, the inspiration of music, the graces and stimulants of a refined social life about her.

It was surprising how gracefully she sank into it; but Janet Strong had some inward grace which readily shaped itself into outward harmony, and she very easily adjusted herself to these new conditions. It often at first suggested Mrs. Kenneth's to her, only her position now was totally unlike the one she occupied there.

Mrs. Humphreys, like all undisciplined, impulsive natures, took vehement likes and dislikes, and she had conceived a strong fancy for Janet, and as the two were thrown much into each others' society in their country home, Mrs. Humphreys made a confidant of Janet, and treated her in all respects like an equal.

Then, there was a large library, in whose contents the young governess fed her half-starved mind, and Maude was not the only one who made surprising leaps in knowledge. Mr. Humphreys too was greatly interested in his young governess. She was unlike any woman he had ever met, for Janet's necessary self-dependence had wrought in her strength and solidity of character; and yet, sensible as she was, there was a peculiar simplicity and frankness about her.

"She was worth a dozen ordinary women," he often remarked to his wife, who had a good-natured pleasure in repeating this bit of flattery to the individual who was the subject of it.

So Mrs. Humphreys did not regret her housekeeping, and the winter went swiftly and pleasantly over the small family under the roof of the gray-stone house, and in after years its inmates used to look back on it and long for the peaceful flow of its hours once more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.

My Friend in the Country.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

My friend, Mary Sheldon, the dear, good girl, was a belle in the city where she was born and grew up to womanhood; she is not less admired here in the woods, among the mountains of Pennsylvania.

She takes all the pains here to look pretty and be entertaining, just for our little circle, as she did for her most fastidious city friends. I believe the very chickens admire Mary. She knows just how to talk to people in the country; she knows, if they are, apparently, shut in by hills, that the reverberating of the railroad whistle and the curl of white smoke, showing the path of the locomotive, like a conqueror's plume, means something—means that daily papers can circulate even here, and that the electric wires carry their messages to all the little way-stations of these obscure regions as well as to the great cities.

It did not take Mary long to see just what the innocence, what the happiness, what the courtesies and sentiments of the people with whom she came in contact, were.

She knew the old lady was one who would scorn to bow the knee to Baal, who, when we called at her cottage and referred to the neighbors on the hill of suspected secession proclivities, remarked that she "had taken *dabs* from them" for years for being a Methodist Abolitionist, and never minded it, but when they used the *banefullest, insultingest* language about the government, she wouldn't take it," and was not surprised to hear the picture of Abraham Lincoln, which hung on the wall in all its preternatural ugliness, declared to be handsome, for in the old lady's eyes handsome is that handsome does.

Mary is one who improves in the country; she has even grown weather-wise; she knows by the dark cap of clouds on the mountain-peak, or by the wail of the winds through the great Gap of the Laurel Hill, whether she shall venture to ride on horseback to-day or not. And, speaking of Mary's riding on horseback, reminds me I owe Mary one grudge concerning a circumstance, a scene in which I was chief actor. It happened a good while ago, but I really keep spite at her yet, because she was witness to it—no, not exactly spiteful, for she couldn't help seeing what occurred, unless she had closed her eyes. I wish she had closed them, truly—but this wish is vain, and my vexation unreasonable, so I won't do her any harm, but just forget about it—ah, yes, I

shall forget it probably long before she does, and before I do I'll tell you about it.

Mary has a natural fondness for horsemanship, and was regularly instructed in the art in Madame Somebody's—some French lady's riding-school, and I wasn't. Of all living animals, I can say I am most afraid of a living horse; and of all dead animals, I am most afraid of a dead horse, for I saw one once when I was a child, and that memory has haunted me ever since. But, to go back to my first attempt at horsemanship, it was Mary's coaxing won me over to try the same, and I was arrayed in my brother's hat, with a bow of blue ribbon tacked on one side and some feathers stuck in the other—I do believe they were goose feathers—and the skirt of my dress was proportioned to the waist, like a baby's before it tries the entanglement of creeping.

I went out to the block; Mary was already mounted; then I was mounted—upon a living horse I was put—I almost wish it had been dead. I am a little woman, my steed was tall, and I didn't feel comfortable; I really couldn't get my breath rightly. I shook, and, before my foot was placed in the stirrup, I just tumbled over the other side of the horse to the ground.

That would never do; this weakness was only physical; my heart beat loud and hard, but I felt my spirit, if it could only have its way, was as brave as a lion, so I rose up, was lifted on again, and we set off.

It is a queer feeling to be on horseback, but I tried to think it was nothing very different from seesawing on a board put through a rail fence.

A little curly-headed thing used to sit on one end of such a seesaw with me, and look so funny bobbing up and down; and, thinking about this curly head, I rode away. I say I rode, that is, I hung on, or rather I stuck on my perch, and by degrees began to feel myself quite used to it, when we came to a small, swift-running stream.

Following Mary's, my horse walked into the water; he went in under a tree with low-hanging branches—not so low as to threaten to Absalomise me certainly, but so low that I could conveniently reach them; whatever induced me to do it I don't know, but, in my greenness and terror, I reached up and caught hold of a sturdy limb. As the horse walked on, and the limb was stationary, you may guess the result. I swung a moment between heaven and earth, then, wearied of that, let

go, and there was a splash; Mary heard it, and looked back; my innocent charger looked back too.

There was I, quite neatly bridging the brook—my head was on dry land at one side, my feet were dry at the other. Mary says my face was very white, and that I only said, in sepulchral tones, "I'm dead!" and I suppose I thought I was, but I really was not hurt at all bodily, though my feelings were.

Now Mary remembers that circumstance, and tells it *very occasionally* right before me, and to show her my independence it is that I publish it.

Why here I am talking of myself, when I intended to talk of Mary Sheldon only. She stands beside me now, arranging her beautiful hair; a faint perfume, suggesting all things delicate and rare, floats to me; I tell her this, and she laughs and says: "Oh this Ambrosia, it smells to me just like dear mother's mince-pies."

No one ever understood the art of dressing better than Mary—or no, I don't mean that, I believe she does not study dress at all—well, no one was ever gifted with better taste in dress than she. Her dresses are all of good material, generally unnoticeable in color, always elegant in fit and finish. Her travelling-dress is chosen for its strength, rather than fineness; her dress-up frocks are all of lady-like fineness of texture.

When she chooses a new bonnet, trust me it is never a *stunner* in its uprearing or down-drooping; neither is it unfashionable; yet, let the style be what it may, she does not ornament her head-gear with sunflowers, or poppies, or sanguinary cherries of that size that draw the prizes at Horticultural Exhibitions.

Oh, how few city people know how to dress when in the country, so that they shock no one's sense of propriety. To wear a lovely silk for a walk in the woods is abominable; to wear old-fashioned or skimpy or faded garments, just because you are in the country, is a manifest want of respect for your entertainers, and no child will be so stupid as not to know when you feel genteely attired, so attired that you would not blush to meet a city acquaintance. And, wo betide her who dares to bedizen herself in a full blow of those gay pieces of finery which come on one by degrees in the city—for a bright scarlet cloak, for instance, worn at a country church, ere one of its congregation has ever even seen one, hung in a show-widow, will cause some shaking of heads among old men, some sighings

among old ladies; and the young married ladies will call the wearer a fool, the young men will make some dashing remarks, and the young girls—you do not surely expect me to say that lovely young ladies would be envious or ill-natured—I shant say so at any rate; and as I told you before, Mary is loved by every one.

What eyes for the beautiful that creature has; when the hills in the morning are mantled with mist, and when the newly-risen sun tinges the white with all the colors of the rainbow, so faintly that they are the mere ghosts of colors, she says some very beautiful things, and how she says them!

Then Mary has a vein of superstition in her, too; she says she feels really jealous of, and vexed about, the new steam engine put in operation at the Iron Works near by, since I told her how only a year ago, when a fire was made on the hearth, according to a superstition of the olden time, a young virgin's hand kindled it into a blaze, that the yield of iron might be fair.

"O, man!" she exclaimed, "mighty miracle worker! amid the smoke and din of your machinery, still spare us something of the long ago—show us now and then on the thorny stem of reality some fragile blossom of romance!"

Then my Mary is a church-going girl—sensible, discreet, and with a large bump of reverence, I am sure, though I do not know where that organ lies.

She goes to church, and would think it wicked to laugh, even to smile, at any errors in pronunciation or grammar in the sermon or prayer of a sincere Christian. She did not even smile when a plain, old local preacher reproved the female members of the church for wearing gowgaws, and pronounced it *fewjaws*!

She listened, with almost tearful gravity, when a gray-haired old Scotchman, in earnest prayer, during the dry season, besought, "Lord gie us rain that we may hae corn, good corn, Lord, na such wee bits o' nubbins as ye gied us last year." Mary, I say, did not smile, for of Christians it is said, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and this old man's heart was in the right place; she knew of his passing benevolence; she remembered how he had refused to sell corn to speculators at a distance, but reserved it to give to the poor at home. Doubtless the prayer was intended to be a humble petition for daily bread; the quality of corn alluded to was in reference to others, not himself.

But when the strong-voiced minister, whose wife was about dying, declared in his exhortation that he had a dear father in heaven, a dear mother in heaven, dear brothers in heaven, dear sisters in heaven, and *hoped* soon to have a dear wife in heaven, it did play the mischief with her gravity, and she laughed slightly then, uproariously afterwards.

Country people generally call Mary a nice, quiet girl; only once have I known her to be suspected of being demoralized in the least. I'll tell you of that. A half dozen of us walked one evening by the river side, where Dennis O'Brien's skiff was moored; not one of us could row a skiff, and to know how would have availed us little, for the skiff was locked. We looked from the pretty little barque to the sparkling waves, and indulged in that cheapest of all luxuries—wishing—when along came Dennis. He had a certain place where he kept his key; he looked in that place and found it gone; then he turned and looked at each of us, fixed his gaze upon Mary, and said, looking straight at her—

"I do believe, young lady, you have hid my key!"

Mary protested earnestly she had not, and at last demanded to know why he should suspect her more than the rest.

"Because," said he, looking into her face, "your eyes were never put into your head for the good of your soul."

Mary laughed and clapped her hands, while an unnoticed one of the party, wishing to be noticed, asked—

"Dennis, what were my eyes put in my head for?"

With a courteous bow he answered—

"Not for the good of your body!"

Just then he found his key, unlocked the skiff, and rowed away. The lady with the *unbeautiful* eyes, to use a common and expressive term, subsided after this remark.

"O, Mary!" say I, "do help me out here. I am writing a story of a girl, an aimless sort of young lady."

Mary interrupts me.

"She has no business to be aimless when soldiers are to work for, and poor widows and orphans to be fed and clothed, and a country plunged in war and deluged in blood!"

"Oh, hush, Molly dear, one moment till I write a line."

Dear reader, I didn't mean to make Mary out an entirely aimless young lady, for she has

worked for the soldiers so hard—has sewed, and knitted, and jellied, and preserved, and pickled—just imagine.

"Never mind, Mary, I'll try to do justice to the young lady of whom I write; but she was turned out a finished, elegant young lady at eighteen, expected to marry and have an establishment like other young ladies, but is just now spending time in the country, where she ought to meet a lover."

"Oh!" interposes Mary, "if she don't find a lover in the country, let her do as I do, find incidents."

And so I have just opened a book, and pointed out a certain page in it for Mary to peruse. It is the story of Hans, who was sent to find his master's cow; and hours after Hans was found running up and down the field, saying he did not look for the cow, but had found something so much better. What was it? "Why three blackbirds." Where are they? "Oh, one I see, a second I hear, a third I am looking for."

Here let me close this paper, saying, when Mary's incidents sing clear to her, alight near her, or are traced to their coverts, you shall have the benefits.

The Rain.

BY FANNIE LAMBORNE.

I am sitting by the window, gazing out upon the sky,
Where the black clouds hide the blueness, as before the winds they fly:
And, upon the panes beside me, fast the rain begins to fall,
As the evening's coming darkness spreads a shadow over all.

Ah! how soothing is the music of the gently-falling rain,
As upon the leaves it patters close beside my window-pane.
And how timidly each grass-blade bears a little crystal crown,
Till to the earth its trembling shakes the shining jewel down!

But, almost the rain-drop music falls unheeded on my ear
For the music of the by-gone, which my senses seem to hear:
And my eyes are scarcely conscious of the things on which they gaze,
For the scenes which mem'ry shows them in the light of other days.

Tho' the springtime's flow'rs are faded, and the summer days are fled,

In my heart remembered sunshine still a radiance seems to shed;

And the scenes of care-free childhood first before me seem to pass,

When how sweet were all the flowers, and how brightly green the grass!

Now I seem to hear the music of the silvery little stream,

Where, beneath the spreading shade-tree, how I loved to sit and dream!

And as o'er the crystal waters fell the quivering light and shade,

Which the glancing of the sunbeams thro' the trembling leaflets made,

How I wondered where the waters were all hurrying so fast—

Then I thought they seemed so happy, singing as they onward passed.

Then I wondered if those robins, chirping on another tree,

Were not talking just as I did, but in words unknown to me?

Oh, those days of childish fancy, full of innocence and joy,

With such bright hopes for the future that no clouds could long destroy,

How their visions glide about me as the twilight shades come on!

But I'm startled by the shrieking of the wind, and know they're gone.

Tho' no shades of darker sorrow o'er my spirit yet have come,

And within my heart sweet gladness and bright hopes yet have a home,

Still, the flow'rs of life now gathered are not like those of a child—

How they may be trained and gorgeous—then they were how sweetly wild!

O'er the world in peaceful silence steal the shadows of the night,

And from other homes are shining, thro' the darkness, streams of light:

And I wonder now how many have been musing thus alone,

And wreathing lights and shadows in their part of life that's flown.

Ah, how many books of mem'ry have no fondly written dreams,

Have no pictures of the shade-trees by the silvery, shining streams?

But for me the evening's quiet binds a semblance in my heart,

And oh, may I dare to hope that joy will never thence depart!

Watching and Waiting.

LETTER V.

Ashley, Dec. 15, 18—

How shall I greet you, dearest mother, but with the universal salutation of the day? "Have you heard the news?" "*Have you heard of the battle?*" "Do you credit the sad rumor of our losses?" "These are heavy tidings from the South," and cheeks are pale, lips tremulous, and voices broken and husky with inward fear.

Those who have friends with General — seem possessed of the spirit of unrest, and fleeing from the unbearable stillness of home, walk rapidly hither and thither, questioning eagerly those whom they meet in the hope of gaining from some unimaginable source, more minute details of the battle, lingering watchfully about the door of the intelligence office, and looking wistfully, hours before it is due, for the coming of the train which shall bring the confirmation or denial of this morning's report. All day anxious and troubled faces have drifted in and out my door, and "Oh, Mrs. Dewey, how can you sit here *so still?*" and "Aren't you afraid your husband is killed?" and "How dreadful it would be to lose husband and child almost at one blow!" are questions and exclamations poured upon me, striking sickness and pain to my heart.

"Ah, if I could only know that Edwin is *safe*," sighs one poor wife, wringing her feeble hands.

"I cannot rest for thinking that my brave boy may be lying wounded and uncared for upon that dreadful field," responds a nervous mother, walking distractedly up and down the room.

And, "I do hope Frank managed to keep sick and stay in the hospital till after the battle," aspirates a timid little sister, more solicitous for the safety than the honor of her brother, in this trying test of her patriotism.

And what of Alice? Dear mother, this suspense is hard to bear, and in truth, at heart I am not more patient, nor more at ease than others, but by constant effort, by ceaseless, inward calls for Divine assistance, I am able to preserve at least an outward calmness, and to speak some words of hope and encouragement to my fellow-sufferers.

Again and again, when left to myself, I draw from my bosom and read his last dear letter, finding therein some portion of the peace and comfort his presence gave me in the beautiful days that are gone—God pity me if I must say—gone forever.

Speaking of the approaching battle, H. says—"If you should hear of our defeat, you will not set it down as a matter of discouragement, or as a foreshadowing of the end. We look for victory and believe we shall attain it, but there is always the possibility of failure. In this, as in every contest, we have to calculate our own weakness as well as the strength of the enemy. There are self-opposing forces upon our own side, which may work more disastrous results for us than all the cunning strategy and determined resistance of the foe. Our General's plan of attack may be perfect and comprehensive in all its details, and founded upon a thorough knowledge of the advantageous as well as the vulnerable points of the adversary's position, but a single instance of flagrant disobedience, or of blind misunderstanding on the part of inferior officers, has wrought confusion and destruction to the best laid plots; and armies as brave, valorous, enthusiastic, and eager at the onset as ours, by unforeseen circumstances have been surprised and put to disgraceful flight. There will be unwritten instances of intrepid bravery and courage, and of mean, pitiful cowardice; of bold, vigorous, resolute effort, and of weak, vacillating action, and who can predict unerringly, that out of this chaos of possibilities and certainties we shall pluck forth victory? We can be by no means self-confident, dear wife; but this we know, that whether we succeed, or whether we fail in the present undertaking, it will be to the fulfilment of God's purposes, for His plans cannot be defeated, and His even-paced justice, vigilant and untiring, will claim its own when the full time is come.

"Men will murmur at our reverses,—they will bewail the reckless waste of life and treasure,—they will cry out against the inefficiency of our leaders, and clamor noisily for new measures, showing forth divers means by which we may be saved from national shipwreck,—and many, because of the non-adoption of their views, will prophecy, with solemn-shaking heads, the speedy dissolution of our once prosperous Union, and the final overthrow of our civic liberties; but through all, and in spite of all, Truth holds her slow, perilous, and bloody way, and certain as God lives, her triumph is sure at the last.

"My darling! my darling! I know you are saying in your heart, this moment, 'what but sorrow and desolation is the triumph of Truth to me, if she mount over the dead body of my love?'"

"Oh, my precious Alice! I trust God will

not demand another sacrifice of you, but if it be so, dear, your peace lies but in a loving and quiet submission to His will. For myself, I would not die so early; I have many plans and purposes unfulfilled, and it is very sweet to live, but if He who gave himself for men, requires my life in defence of those principles of liberty and truth which He taught upon earth, I ought with all joy to render it, counting myself blest according to His promise that they who make earthly sacrifice for the kingdom of God's sake, shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

"But I grieve to bring sorrow to you, dear, and I pray with fervent heart, that we may have many years in store for us yet upon earth. We have been very, very happy, have we not, precious wife? Life has been a charmed and pleasant way, since we have walked together. And now, I know if God calls me hence, your feet will go down to shadowed and desert places, and unutterable loneliness and desolation will fall upon your soul; but courage, courage, love! some radiant good underlies the darkest seeming, and if you will lift your bowed head in that hour, you will see the face of our Lord shining through the cloud of your affliction, and listening, you shall hear his voice, laden with the sweetness of infinite tenderness and compassion, speaking peace to your troubled heart.

"And if I fall, love, you must not mourn for me as lost to you in this world. I cannot leave you utterly. Heaven will not be wholly Heaven while you remain on earth. Do not think of me as standing always afar off, with innumerable companies of angels, sounding the praises of the Eternal around the great white throne, forgetful of the grieving spirit lingering without the gate, but believe that I am very near you; live as though always in my presence. Do not let the shadow and chill of death come between us. I shall love you with tenfold love—purely and unselfishly as the angels love. Lean upon me as in the days of our earthly pilgrimage together—rest the burden of your care upon me—whisper me your pains and griefs—I will comfort you, and with unseen hands wipe away your tears, and with invisible arms encircle and protect you. And, after all, dear heart, it will be but a little while, and we shall be together in God's kingdom. Time's wings are strong and fleet, and they will bear you swiftly out of this shadowy land to the Heavenly borders,

where with unspeakable joy and gladness I shall stand to enfold you, never by the trumpet of war or the sword of death to be parted any more. Ah, my darling, for the bliss God has in store for us, can we not afford to suffer some temporal loss and pain?"

Mother, did he write these words with a presentiment of approaching death, and with a foreshadowing sense of the night and the tempest that are to darken my life? It would seem so. Ah, where is he now?—what is he thinking?—what is he saying?—is he suffering, or is he at rest? If I could only know—if I could only know! But that is the cry of thousands of anxious hearts to-day—God help us—waiting wives, and weeping mothers!—God help us all.

So, the defeat has indeed come, and "men do murmur at our reverses," and "cry out against the inefficiency of our leaders," as if it were in the power of these things to overrule the plans of the Almighty, or set at naught the potency of Him of whom it is promised, "He shall bring forth judgment unto victory."

But human nature, weak and short-sighted, looks only at present issues, and woe be to them that sit in high places, for in this hour of bitter disappointment and mortification, the laurels they have plucked in former successes will be whirled away upon the stormy blast of censure and reproach.

If the archangel Michael himself had marshalled our hosts in the late conflict, failing through the unripeness of time, or the counter plans of God, to bring about such results as men had anticipated, they would clamor to-day for his removal from power, and the air would be full of the whispers of dejection, and the murmurs of discontent.

If one endowed with superhuman excellencies—with Divine foresight and wisdom, and vested with authority from on high, ruled the destinies of our nation in this crisis, there would be those not lacking in occasion to set forth wiser plans of administration, and who would not hesitate to malign, traduce, bear false witness, and nefariously plot against a power to which they owed allegiance. He who does sit at the helm of our government is but mortal, and therefore liable to err—though a man of undoubted honesty and of fervent faith in God; calm, thoughtful, deliberate, and earnestly desirous to promote the best interests and highest good of all. Let those who will, carp at the unsoundness of his policy, and the unfairness of his measures, and lay

upon his shoulders the responsibility of disasters which their own feeble support of his efforts has tended to bring about. God will justify His own elect.

In the days that are to come, when the sword of brothers drink no more of brothers' blood, and the craven and false eat of the fruits purchased with the life of the loyal and true men, unbiased by partisan hate, and from whose eyes the film of prejudice has fallen, will see the exceeding patience, gentleness, and long-suffering of him they now so eagerly condemn, and with what wisdom and discretion, amid the most trying circumstances in which a ruler ever was placed, he has exercised the power given into his hands by a God-fearing and liberty-loving people.

LATER.—His name is among the wounded—his name! Look where I will, I see it traced in characters of fire, with that word of terror striking a nameless, death-sick pain to my very soul. Oh, Heaven, that that which I so dreaded should have come! It seems so unreal—so like a frightful dream. Will no kind hand awake me?

I am going to him, mother. I know a thousand difficulties lie in the way, but I feel as if nothing could deter or intercept me now. I could wade through seas of blood to reach him. I must make the attempt, even if I fail to see him. Anything is better than to sit here with these maddening thoughts. I am to start by the night express. A tried and trusted friend goes with me. Oh, will this wretched "half hour" of waiting ever be gone?

HOSPITAL, DEC. 1st. —

Thank God! He is in the world. I have touched his hands, I have pressed my lips to his forehead, I have parted his hair with tremulous fingers, and looked long into the familiar eyes, where every thought of his grand, noble soul leaps into utterance. But otherwise he cannot talk with me. At every effort to speak, the purple life-blood gushes from his lips, and in haste and terror I wipe its frightful stain away, begging him to desist.

Still, "he may live." Oh, blessed words! Oh, blessed hope! In the faith of happier days I bid you farewell, my mother.

Your ALICE.

Sunday at Mr. Rand's.

BY M'R.

"Children, stop that!"

That meant an attempt to sing, ending in a suppressed giggle, which in its turn ended in an unsuppressed laugh. The command and the tone changed the state of things instantaneously, and Lizzie, the oldest of the four, beseechingly exclaimed—

"Oh, father! mayn't we sing if we won't laugh?"

"Why don't you read your Sunday-school books?"

"We have been reading them ever since church, and we are so tired of sitting still."

The father hesitated a moment, because a hand was on his arm, and a low voice in his ear, saying, "Let them sing—do!" so he changed the stern refusal on his lips to—

"Well, sing, but mind you don't get into another such frolic!"

And having restored Sunday order, papa fell back to his former employment—that of discussing the sermon, while caressing the curls of a beautiful girl on the sofa beside him. She was not his daughter—she was too old for that, and she could not be the mother of his children, for a face so youthful and free from care had never seen twenty summers—but she was his wife; for a year the sunshine of her presence had dispelled the gloom that for three years had hung like a cloud over his desolate fireside.

"Do not talk about your inability to manage the children," Mr. Rand said to her the only time they were ever mentioned in the few months preceding their marriage, "I am always at home; I shall govern them." So she thought no more about it, but abandoned herself to the luxury of being petted and half adored by Mr. Rand. At the wedding, the children were duly introduced by a maiden aunt, and called her "our new mamma," and "mother," and received in return kisses, that some tearful lookers-on gratefully thought were earnest—sweet pledges of a mother's love and care for the future. Ah! they did not realize how amid all this bustle and ceremonious confusion, the bride was bewildered by the strange position she occupied, and absorbed by the effort to perform all the punctilious et ceteras of her situation with grace and ease.

After the wedding tour, she took possession of her new home, that had been newly arranged, expressly for her comfort, and to suit

A philosopher was once consulted as to the best method of destroying one's enemy, and he gave for an answer, "Make him your friend."

her taste; then three months were consumed in receiving and returning calls; by that time the household gear was out of order, and must be oiled here, and renewed there, and changes made in various places; servants began to clash and threaten to leave, and so she must assume her place as housekeeper, and restore order, and learn by weary experience the many cares of housekeeping. Was it strange that amid it all she saw little of the children? And when she saw them punished or reproved for what conscience told her she might have prevented by a little care, was it strange that she consoled herself with the recollection of Mr. Rand's assurance, that he would govern the children?

Thus a year slipped away. To-day, while listening to a sermon on home duties, there had come over her a vague uneasiness—a sort of half consciousness that there had been something wanting in her performance of home duties, and she lost the drift of the inferences in her self-questioning—"Have I made my family happy?" Have I been a good mother? "Mother;" it reminded her of her own—gentle and indulgent; had she been such a mother to these orphaned ones beside her; and she glanced down at Lizzie's sober face, and thought of Willy at home, brimful of fun; had she shared their joys and sorrows? had she tried to make them good? Ah, it was a bitter reckoning, but better now than later. Conscience told her she had scarcely spoken to them, unless to give some order or chide for some short-coming. How often had she checked their childish mirth, because it did not suit her present whim to hear their innocent noise. How often had they come to her with some grievance, and met a stern dismissal, because she did not choose to attend to them then. When had she given up one hour of pleasure to amuse them? Never. Tears came as she thought how hard she had unconsciously been. "I will do better, God helping me!" was her resolve. And so she had come home full of her new resolution. Supper and her husband had for a while displaced it; but as she heard Mr. Rand reproving the children it had come back, not quite with its first force; but a short debate between self-comfort and conscience was sufficient. It was pleasant to be petted and caressed, to have her opinions and thoughts about the sermon drawn out, and listened to, as if they were all-important. It was a good way to fix the sermon in their minds. "Yes," said conscience, "but then the children don't

get much of it." "No more arguing that question. I know the right and I will pursue it;" and so by the time Mr. Rand was done speaking, and ready to settle back to his old employment, Mrs. Rand was just leaving her corner of the lounge. Her progress was arrested rather peremptorily, with a—

"Where now, Mary?"

"I am going to the children."

"No; the children are well enough now; sit down again; you had not finished that quotation that Mr. Mather used," and for a moment she was fairly overcome by the strong arm that drew her back to her seat. But her resolution was taken, and self grew weaker in the contest.

"Haden't I? well, some other time will do for that, I want to go to the children a while now—please do let me!" and her entreaty was followed up by a little plea that she knew how to use, and reluctantly she was released, though there fell on her ear as she crossed the room—

"I wonder what has possessed you, Mary; next Sunday the children shall stay in the nursery," and Mr. R. picked up the Evangelist and consoled himself as well as he could among the "Family Reading."

Mary put back the curls that had fallen over her face in her efforts to free herself, and going to the piano, said—

"Come, children, I will play for you a while, and I think you will be able to sing better. What shall we have first?"

"Oh, goody! goody!" "That will be so nice!" and "That will be splendid!" were some of the exclamations that greeted her proposal, as they gathered with beaming faces around her. It took but a moment to set them adrift in a familiar melody. They had all a natural gift for singing that had been well cultivated in the older ones, so that it was no task to play for them, and indeed one could scarcely help joining in their childish enthusiasm as they sung with a will—"There is a happy land;" "We come, we come with loud acclaim;" and "Oh, come let us sing."

All went on finely and with great decorum, except when Willy, who could not remember the words, or did not catch the sound of them correctly, would now and then substitute one of his own. So it happened that just as they were in the midst of the "Gospel Banner," he astonished them by singing, a little out of tune, "And be the shout Susanna reëchoed round the world!" Of course a general shout followed quite equal to the first explosion that

called Mr. Rand to the floor, and Mary only smothered her mirth, to comfort the injured feelings of the discomfited Willy.

All efforts to resume the singing were unavailing. Again and again they began, but by the time they were well under way one voice would falter with a suppressed laugh, and then another would choke, and then would come one general burst.

Mary was at first inclined to shut the piano, with a—"Well, children, if you cannot behave yourselves"—and banish them to the nursery with their Bibles and Sunday-school books; but in a moment came the thought, "Who is to blame?" and she remembered her own childhood, when her keen sense of the ludicrous was always shocking the proprieties of older people. How she used to think then that she wished grown-up people knew how hard it was to stop laughing just because you were told to. So she closed the piano very gently, and said, smilingly—

"We won't sing any more."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"Oh, please don't stop, mother; we *will* try not to laugh any more!"

"There, Will! now you see how it is," said James. "I told you not to sing, and now we've lost all the fun." Then followed a fresh burst from Willy, with—

"Oh, dear! it's all my fault. I'm more bad than I am good. I wish I had not sung at all," &c., &c.

Mary hushed them all more gently than she had ever done before, and said—

"Children, I am not angry with you at all. Willy is not to blame except for crying. I wanted him to sing with us, and he did the best he could. Now we will sit down in this corner and each one shall tell a story."

"What kind of a story?"

"What—every one of us tell a story. Must Willy too?"

Injured Will here entered his protest with a very determined negative.

"And you, mother, will you tell us one too?"

"Wait one moment and I will answer all your questions. Come and sit down. Here, Willy, you in this corner of the sofa by me; cousin Celia in the low rocking-chair; Lizzie on the ottoman, and you, James, in this low chair. Now listen! We will begin with Lizzie, and each one may tell a story from the Bible, and no one must criticise, or make any remarks while the stories are being told."

"But will you tell us one when your turn comes?"

"Yes, certainly!"

"Oh, dear! I can't think of any; mother, mayn't somebody else begin?"

"I shant tell any because I don't know any," said Will, amid his returning smiles.

"Oh, yes, you do Will; you know about Noah, when it rained so fast; and Samsom and David."

"Well, I guess I shant tell any because you'll all be laughing at me," he replied, reluctantly.

"Come, now, Children, there's talk enough. Now for the stories. Lizzie, are you ready?"

The stories were told with an occasional involuntary remark, that would provoke a laugh from the listeners. It is so strange that children, or indeed grown people, should "forget what day it is," and say a laugh-provoking thing, even when it is apropos.

But Mary preserved her dignity, and looking very pleasant, kept her broadest smiles under cover, and listened with commendable interest to the oft-told tale of Joseph's dreaming childhood—of David's wonderful encounter with Goliath, and lastly to Will's story of the Deluge, that acquired new permanency in his mind with every rain storm, and was therefore most at his command.

Mr. Rand was aroused from a refreshing nap, by the sound of a very sweet voice-telling of a beleaguered town, whose walls enclosed a man so good and so powerful, that a whole army was sent to make him prisoner. For a moment, in his bewildered awaking, he was not sure that he was not that besieged and persecuted man; but full consciousness soon assured him that he was safe, for if a host of angels with chariots and horses of fire had not encamped about his dwelling, one angel at least had found lodging within.

Mr. Rand did not send the children to the nursery the next Sunday evening, nor indeed during Sabbath evening since; but though he grumbles and protests against losing the lion's share of Mary, he reserves the "Evangelist" and lounge for consolation and comfort, and is half suspected of listening.

So there commenced a new era in the little Rand's life. Mary has found a true pleasure in devoting herself to them, aside from any other consideration. And though she may have made some mistakes in governing and training them, their own mother might not have made still she has won their love, and they will follow where she leads, and while her trust is in God for daily guidance, she will not lead them astray.

Thirty-Five.

BY S. B. A.

Time hath counted another year,
Gently, my love, on thy brow,
And the half of life allotted man
Is numbered to thee, now.
The past is full of grateful love,
The future bright with hope,
For God has taught thee Heavenly skill
With earthly storms to cope;
And each new year new sunshine comes,
New beams of added light—
Until the world I share with thee
Is very glad and bright.

The "oak" is still as staunch and strong
As when, years past, I sung,
And still the "Ivy winds as close
As round him first it clung:
As close! perhaps 'tis closer, for
New tendrils have been twined,—
Not simply leaf, and bud, and stem,
But manacles of mind.
A tiny leaflet like the vine
Puts up two clinging lips,
And now a little acorn shoot
Throws out some finger tips!

And through these interlacing's bright,
Of leaf, and stem, and bough,
The sunshine breaks, like glorious mind
Encircling manhood's brow.
Thy half-way life—is it not, love,
A gladsome, glorious thing?
And has it not a brighter page
Than bygone memories bring?

My blessed one! I cannot tell
How much I *hope* for thee,
But I *expect* all noble things
From mind so pure and free.
And here I bless my father's love
For this, thy natal day,
And thank Him that my lot was laid
Along thy leading way.

And here I pray—*these little lives*
That out from thine have sprung,
May be unparted threads from ours,
When our last songs are sung;
And an unbroken song in Heaven
Our happy household raise,
When we no more shall number loves,
Nor count our natal days.

How can children who are treated well at home fail to appreciate that home, and hold in tenderest regard those parents that make that home so precious?

Kings and Queens of England.

MARY.

Mary was the daughter of Henry the Eighth and Catharine of Arragon, his first queen. She ascended the throne July 25, 1553, and her coronation took place the first day of October. Her grand object was the restoration of the Catholic religion, which had in a great measure been abolished in her brother's reign, whose zeal for the reformation appears to have been sincere and ardent. He had caused Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, Bishop of London, to prepare a book of prayer, from which the liturgy now in use in the English church differs but little; and the "Thirty-nine Articles," which are a summary of the doctrines of the church, were drawn-up by Cranmer.

Before any of the laws of the preceding reign had been repealed, all leaders in the reformation were imprisoned, and those Catholics who had been most bitter against the reformers, raised to fill the highest places; and any who had been prominent in placing Lady Jane Gray on the throne were put to death.

Mary inherited her attachment to the Catholic doctrines from her mother, who was a humble Christian, always striving to do her duty; but her amiable disposition had but little influence on Mary's life, who was separated from her mother at an early age, and not permitted to see her even when dying. She also inherited her father's violent and obstinate temper; her natural sourness was increased by her many early mortifications, she being declared illegitimate when her mother was divorced.

She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was no more engaging than her behaviour and address; her education was almost entirely neglected, and during her father's life, she had been for the most part in a state of confinement; she had more liberty in the reign of her brother, but even then her life was dull and secluded; the great affection and constant intercourse between Edward and Elizabeth was a source of unhappiness to her.

Edward's settling the crown on Lady Jane Gray was because he feared Mary's bigotry would be hurtful to the Protestant cause; and though by the same act he deprived Elizabeth of her right to the throne, he considered it better for the nation than to have the old

order of things revived, and the people subjected to persecution.

Gardner and Bonner, who had opposed Edward's course, had been confined in his reign; but they were released, and power was given them to restore the Catholic religion and the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church. Fearing persecution, the foreign Protestants hastily left England, and also many English gentlemen. Cranmer was advised to fly; he had been concerned in every measure of the reformation, and would not desert its cause. At one time, when Mary's father had determined on putting her to death, he was prevented by Cranmer's remonstrances, while at the same time Gardner, who was present, uttered not a word in her behalf; but now he was promoted and had great influence, and Cranmer was imprisoned and soon after burnt, when he appeared insensible to bodily suffering, his countenance being full of peaceful serenity and calm fortitude.

Gardner and Bonner caused mass to be sung in Latin all over England, as it had been before the reformation, and many Protestants were put to death. Bonner let loose his vengeance without restraint, and seemed to take pleasure in the pains of the unhappy sufferers; while the queen exhorted him to pursue the pious work without pity or interruption. Among the divines who suffered were Hooper, Rogers, Sanders, Taylor, Ridley, and the venerable Latimer. Gardner fully approved of this work of cruelty, but found it too arduous for him, and turned it over to Bonner, whose nature was so inhuman that he delighted in it, and would often take upon himself the office of executioner. When Latimer was to suffer, Gardner made a vow that he would not dine till he was informed that fire was set to the fagots with which he was to be burned, and kept his guests waiting four hours, before the intelligence arrived; when the dinner was served up, Gardner was taken suddenly ill, and did not partake of it; he was carried to his bed, from which he never rose.

In Mary's reign, the number of those put to death for their religion was about three hundred; fifty-five of whom were women, with four children and two infants. When Mary's father, Henry the Eighth, caused his queen, Anne Boleyn, to be beheaded, it was a case without precedent in the annals of England, for never before had a female been put to death; even in the Norman reigns of terror,

woman's life had been held sacred, but now it was of common occurrence.

Mary gave many intimations to Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, that he had made an impression on her heart; but he neglected all her overtures, being very fond of the Princess Elizabeth. When Mary found that her sister was the cause of his indifference to her, her resentment knew no bounds. Elizabeth was arrested and confined in the Tower. Soon after, Mary accepted proposals from her cousin, the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Germany, for a marriage with his only son Philip, Prince of Spain. This match was greatly disliked by the English, and it was agreed that he should have no share in the government; but the alarm was so great, that a serious insurrection broke out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, with the avowed object of dethroning Mary, and placing Lady Jane Gray on the throne. The rebels were defeated, and Wyatt with four hundred of his followers taken and executed. Lady Jane, who had been eight months in prison, was beheaded at this time; she met her fate with heroic resolution, and though but sixteen years of age, is represented as a miracle of genius and learning.

Mary and Philip were married in July, 1554, when Philip, in order to gain the good opinion of the English, interceded for Elizabeth and several other persons of distinction, who were liberated from confinement. Mary was very fond of Philip, and was anxious to increase his power and influence; but parliament would not allow him any share in the government, and he could scarcely conceal his dislike to Mary. He urged her to declare war with France, by which the English lost Calais, which they had held since the time of Edward III. This event produced a universal dismay. The queen's health declined from this time, and she died November 17, 1558, in the forty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

A young lady who talks eloquently about love, is, probably, incapable of feeling much of it. Deep feeling does not overflow in words. Many a young woman sincerely believes that she is capable of a never-ending attachment, when she likes only the excitement of having a lover and hearing her virtue extolled by others.

To grow up to the skies we must be planted low in the dust.

Anecdotes of the Desert.

Translated from Ferdinand Stalle's "Napoleon in Egypt."

BY J. H. MULFORD.

Since primitive ages, the aphorism has prevailed in Egypt, confirmed by experience, that whoever is in possession of Cairo is also master of the whole land. Bonaparte, therefore, after his army had enjoyed a few days' rest at Alexandria, gave the command to advance towards the capital, and by the shortest route, too, which led through the desert. The division of Desaix formed the advance guard, and proceeded slowly, by columns, through the glowing, sandy sea. Shortly they came upon a snowy plain of ghostly whiteness that glimmered far away in the dimness, and appeared to extend to an indefinite distance. The surface crackled under the feet of the advancing travellers. Many of the soldiers stoop down to pick up something that they expect will allay their thirst, but raise only salt to their mouths. The whole plain is encrusted with salt, accumulated there by the inundation of the Nile.

The march is extremely arduous, and the want of water more and more oppressive. The canal along which they travel, and which formerly carried the water of the Nile to Alexandria, is entirely filled with mud, the water only coursing through it when the annual overflow of the river has reached its highest grade.

In Egypt, they travel without thinking or caring where they shall pass the night. Every traveller carries his baggage and tent along with him. If the latter is lacking, the canopy of heaven supplies its place—their only anxiety is to provide themselves with drinking-water. Hence it has been the usage for ages to dig wells at certain intervals in the desert.

Such a well or cistern formed the first stopping-place on the route from Alexandria to the Nile. It is called Beidah. The troops were provided with a guide, without which they would go astray in their course through the sandy ocean. They halted from time to time in order to collect together, for as soon as a soldier removed too far from his column he was lost. Savary, an adjutant of Desaix, rode on in advance with fifteen hundred dragoons, but the different companies of the army never separated so as to be out of hailing distance of each other.

They marched during the whole night in order to avoid the heat. Finally the day

dawned—the gaze of the soldiers peered longingly through the dead silent desert in search of a tree, a human habitation, or a shady spot; no such object is to be seen; nothing relieves the gloomy aspect of the unsightly, deadly-gray eternity of the desert.

Far through the death-like stillness sounds the tread of the advancing dragoons. At length they reach the cistern. Nearly dead from thirst and exhaustion, the riders muster all their energies to swing themselves out of their saddles. They hastened to the place where they expected a beverage—alas! this hope also results in a dreadful disappointment. The well has been blown entirely full of sand. There is not a drop of water to moisten their lolling tongues.

Sullen, desperate silence, sometimes broken by a horrible oath or imprecation, seizes the travellers, which is rendered by the tomb-like stillness of the desert all the more impressive.

They suddenly heard a faint sobbing that seems to proceed from some human being. Savary follows the noise, and finds a young and handsome woman, both of whose eyes had been pierced out. She has a child on her arm that vainly tries to procure nourishment from the exhausted breast of its mother. Savary orders some of his dragoons to lead the unfortunate woman to the well. Directed by a natural instinct, she perceives that she has arrived at the desired place. She kneels down and feels all around on the ground with both her hands, and, as she finds that the well is filled with sand, her lamentations commence anew, and nothing could console her. They offered her some wine from the scanty supply remaining. She drank it with avidity, and swallowed ravenously the biscuit which a compassionate dragoon gave to her. They can neither understand the poor creature nor make themselves intelligible to her.

After a quarter of an hour the division arrives. The general's interpreter questions the woman. They now learn that she was brought to her present deplorable condition by the jealousy of her husband. Rendered suspicious by another woman, he had doubts concerning the legitimate birth of the child that she carried upon her arm, and, after he had blinded the pitiable creature, he had led her into the desert, at a distance from the well, and left her and her infant to their fate.

The miserable young creature begged of the soldiers to relieve her from her sufferings by putting an end to her life and her misery. While some were busy caring for the woman,

others were vigorously at work in digging out the well. After four hours of severe labor they succeeded in procuring water. At first it was distributed by the glass to the most exhausted. The throng about the well was so great that they were compelled to place a guard of officers around it. Before the column resumed its march the soldiers left the poor woman a few bottles of water and some biscuits, and told her that other people would soon be there and care for her if she would remain at that place.

But scarcely are the columns of the benevolent Europeans lost from sight by the dusty clouds of the desert, as the tread of a horse is heard by the unfortunate woman. Her heart beats anxiously, for she knows full well the courier's step. The wrathful husband has returned, who from a place of concealment had seen the assistance that had been rendered to his wife. A few well-directed dagger strokes soon freed the unhappy being as well as her child from all their suffering. The Bedouin vanishes in the desert, and the French soldiers on their arrival find only the bloody corpses.

Deeper and deeper the first division advances into the sandy waste, while the remainder of the army at certain intervals follows on. With terror do the officers and soldiers experience more and more of the intolerable heat of this glowing climate. How does this Egyptian Expedition contrast in their minds with the campaigns in the green valleys of the Rhine, or in the blessed plains of Lombardy. There, they were accustomed to enter every evening hospitable villages provided with good quarters; here, at best they reached at immense distances, two or three miserable huts, called hamlets, forsaken by their inhabitants. In addition to their other evils, the water of the Nile is at its lowest stage, and all the wells which they have as yet passed have been filled up by the Arabs. With untold fury do the fiery rays of Africa's glowing sun pour down upon the heads of the soldiers as they wade through the hot, shadowless sand. Here and there a warrior falls down and gives up the ghost from thirst, heat and exhaustion. Indeed, despair reaches its highest pitch, for they find all the wells filled up. The thought of perishing in the desert, more and more mastered the feverish fantasy. From time to time shots are heard. They proceed from those unhappy beings who, no longer able to bear the torments of the climate, seek death from their own hands by their

muskets, directed by themselves against their own breasts.

A death-like stillness rests upon the columns and the endless, sandy ocean as they traverse their toilsome route. All around, as far as the vision extends, nothing is presented to the view but the dull, yellow skies, whose horizon sinks down upon interminable sandy plains. Only occasionally small clouds of sand rise that sometimes approach the army and at other times recede from sight. These are caused by the marauding Bedouins—those sons of the desert who continually disturb the march. Their approach is unexpected and rapid, and they vanish as quickly as they appear. Woe to the straggler who remains behind his column, even if it is at the distance of only a few hundred paces. He is irretrievably lost.

Suddenly in the midst of the desert a unanimous exultation breaks the death-like stillness. The end of all their sufferings appears to have come. As to the mariner after a long and stormy voyage, the cry, Land! land! from the mast-head, sounds gladly on the ear, and causes his anxious, weary heart to beat for joy, so it is with the exhausted, emaciated wanderers of the desert, as all at once before their eyes, burned with heat and distorted with pain, the most heavenly forest of Palms rise in fresh, luxuriant green. Blue streams flow through the most fertile landscapes whose luxurious richness surpass all they have ever seen. All the sufferings they have endured are forgotten; so inspiring is the effect of even a glimpse of this earthly Paradise; new courage thrills the expiring hearts, and mechanically do the columns press on their course towards the enchanting land. Then Bonaparte gallops forward at the head of several squadrons of cavalry and drives the soldiers back by force, in order to keep them on their former route.

"Back you unfortunate creatures," he cries, as he rides repeatedly up and down the ranks. "Will you rush upon your own destruction? It is no landscape. It is the Ghost of the Desert—the Fata Morgana, that would entice you into the depths of this sandy ocean."

The Arabians who proceeded in advance of the columns as guides, sink down upon their knees and imploringly raise their arms to Heaven. They too, with all the passionate fervor of their Southern natures beseech the soldiers not to be enticed by the deceitful spirit.

Yet in spite of all commands and entreaties some of the cavalry soldiers, as well as a few

of the infantry, hasten away to the fairy land, which they are firmly convinced is no illusion. With greedy gaze they chase the phantom that recedes as they approach, and after they have proceeded deep into the sandy waste entirely vanishes from sight.

The green palm groves in whose shade the unhappy creatures thought to repose; the charming blue lakes and streams in which they had hoped to bathe and quench their thirst—the luxuriant, delightful clover fields is lost in the omnipresent grayness that again surrounds them, and nothing is left to them except the gloomy, endless desert. The deluded wretches seeing no outlet or deliverance know not which way to turn. No sign of the Ocean is now to be seen, for the ghostly castle in the air—this fearful irony of nature has enticed them miles into the desert.

Hopeless and exhausted, they either fall into the hands of the murderous Bedouins, or the desert becomes their grave. Only a few that did not wander far from the army, were saved by the horsemen sent out for them by Bonaparte, and some of these could only be snatched from death by pouring drops of wine into their throats to resuscitate them.

In spite of the indescribable suffering that the army had to endure in its desert march, and in spite of the despair that overpowered a portion of it, there were many of its soldiers who, true to the character of the French, were gay and careless even in the presence of death.

The soldiers of the brave fifty-ninth half brigade, the cheerful, hasty Provincials, at whose head the little drummer gayly marched, distinguished themselves in a memorable degree. This chosen band might safely have been selected as a model for the whole army. Frequently they marched to the music of gay songs through the burning sands, as if they were in the gardens of Italy. Anecdotes, jokes, and witticisms shortened the gloomy pilgrimage. Those who in garrisons in Europe had read Oriental tales and fables, were commonly favored with the most numerous auditory, since they were now in the land treated of in such works. The stories of the *Thousand and One Nights* were often rehearsed in so comical a manner that roaring laughter filled the air, and was lost in the wide and echoless desert.

The next hope of the army was Damanhur. This, it was seen, was the first great city between Alexandria and the Nile. Their expectations were aroused on approaching to it, as if it were a capital of an European king-

dom. What disappointment! as upon an enormous plain, whose limits the eye could not reach, after their long, anxious anticipations, a cluster of miserable huts arose to view, whose few wells scarcely furnished sufficient water to quench their fearful thirst.

The army, notwithstanding all the precaution which they had used against the prowling Bedouins, had lost thirty men, and among the number a young and promising officer, whom these robbers had snatched away almost from the centre of his column, while passing through a ravine.

Bonaparte immediately sent the ransom money required for the prisoner to the Bedouins. But the Arabs could not agree in regard to its distribution; indeed the strife reached such a pitch that a battle seemed to be impending among them, when the Arabian chief approached the unhappy object of the controversy and shot a bullet through his head, in order to prevent further animosities, and sent the ransom money back to the French.

While the army enjoyed a short repose at Damanhur, the attacks of the Arabs became bolder and more frequent, so that even skirmishes occurred with them.

Brigadier General Mariaux, who had bought an Arabian horse, disregarding all warning, would try him outside of the camp. He had proceeded but a few paces when he fell into the hands of three Bedouins, who had lain concealed behind the sand hills, and who immediately killed and robbed him. The army lost in him one of its bravest generals.

Bonaparte himself, while following the main body of the army, accompanied only by the officers of his staff and a company of mounted guides, escaped only by good fortune from a strong band of Bedouins, that could easily have taken him prisoner or could have killed him.

"It is not written there above," says he, when the danger was over, "that I shall be made a prisoner by the Arabs."

After another extremely difficult march a universal cry of joy arises. It is the waves of the Nile that roll in the distance. This time the exhilarating apparition is no desert ghost, but charming reality. The consecrated water is as indispensable to the Europeans as to the natives. Without laying off their clothes, the soldiers dash into the waves in order to quench their thirst to satiety.

The soldiers had hardly satisfied this oppressive want of their natures, as the heavy roll of the drums called them to the defence

and protection of their banners. For the first time the Mamelukes show themselves. Eight hundred stately riders, on splendid chargers and in glittering armor, advance in battle array, while smaller detachments swarm through the plains as scouts.

Twenty French dragoons, who form the vanguard of three different divisions, ride against the Turkish cavalry. Before the general attack takes place, a gigantic Mameluke, in advance of the front of his army, approaches the dragoons within pistol shot, and challenges them to single combat.

"Who wishes this fine horse?" calls out the commander of the French cavalry.

On hearing these words, a young French dragoon, Romard by name, springs forward against the gigantic enemy. The Mameluke attacked by an antagonist apparently so contemptible, considers it scarcely worth his trouble to defend himself; but after a battle of a few minutes, the giant is overpowered. Victoriously the young hero returns with the horse and the costly Damascus sword of his competitor, which he presents as trophies to his officer.

Thereupon the French division immediately opens its fire, which compels the Mamelukes as quickly to desist from the attack. They course away, taking the route to Damanhur, at which place they fall upon the division of Desaix, by which they are in like manner repelled with considerable loss in killed and wounded.

To Emily.

BY REDA.

Does it not seem at times, as though our lives
Move in continuous circles—that increase
And wider grow perhaps—yet never cease
To bring us back, fast-bound in mem'ry's gyves,
Some form, or thought till then deemed passed
away;
Until we feel each day's event a link
With others in an endless chain; and think
Him mad who says that ever chance has
away?
Thus thou didst come to me like some sweet
dream
Of youth,—a vision of the Morning Land,—
And my glad soul did leap to take thy hand!
As though a new door into heaven did ope,
To cheer my doubting heart with one bright
gleam,
I, reassured, resolved to walk with Hope.

A November Storm ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY FLORA A. SANBORN.

Oh, the snow and the rain, they are falling
So dreary through all the dim air;
And the wind drives hither and thither
With a dull, heavy tone of care.

Like Macbeth before the weird sisters,
The old trees are quivering with fright;
Or Bethlehem's mothers, when Herod
Was slaughtering their children by night,

And throwing them hither and thither,
As the dead leaves are now being driven;
While the trees are trembling with anguish,
And lifting their dark arms to heaven.

The prairies stretch lonely and gloomy,
With cabins, like barks on the sea;
The ocean of billowy prairie
Is lonely as lonely can be.

The smoke, from the scattering chimneys,
Drifts wildered and dark here and there,
Lost spirits, for rest vainly seeking
In the regions of middle air!

While the rain, with its hum-drum dripping,
And the scattering flakes still fall;
And the wind, with its hopeless wailing,
Still moans an unanswered call.

CLINTON FALLS, MIN.

To Julia.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There was no need of assumed disguise,
Nor whispered token, nor murmured prayer;
We only looked in each other's eyes,
And read the sweetest of secrets there.

Those eyes of thine, I will not deny,
Have ever a charm to my spirit giving;
Blue to their inmost depths, they lie
Like lakes that are ever reflecting Heaven.

If fateful clouds o'er my path should lower,
And bid me wander afar from thee,
Those lovely orbs, with a haunting power,
Would follow me over land and sea.

Our griefs may ever our joys exceed;
But, strong of heart, I will not repine,
If in those eyes I may ever read
The same fond secret that lurks in mine.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its
chords are swept by kindness.

Violations of Truth.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

True sincerity is very rare. People who have never thought much upon the subject are not aware how often they violate strict truth. They not only transgress against its laws constantly in society—in conversation, but in action. How they affect to love what they hate and hate what they love, so not to offend the prejudices of others, and incur disapprobation.

It is well to suppress our peculiarities when they conflict with the comfort or convenience of others, and we may do so blamelessly many times with a benevolent desire not to mar the enjoyment of others. We are constituted so differently that there must occasionally be clashing when people of directly opposite tastes are brought together.

Children are the only members of society whose tongues are rooted directly in their hearts, except some few grown-up children, who for their sincerity are voted bears—who cannot see the necessity of telling a conventional lie, and are very apt to expose shame in others.

How few get the middle ground in this matter, between a falsehood that lends itself to gloss over error and perpetuate wrong, and a suppression of truth, that only seeks to avoid unnecessary collision with the harmless foibles and peculiarities of others. How often the beautiful truth and sincerity of children is thrown back, till they are gradually transformed into downright hypocrites, learning to "check the starts and sallies of the soul, and break off all its commerce with the tongue." And often as they advance in life, their mental perceptions become so perverted by the habit of calling right wrong and wrong right, that the proper distinction between them is lost, even to their own minds, and error is truth to them and truth error.

As in cases of being "turned around," as it is sometimes called, where one has been used for a long time to call east what appeared to him west, he is confused with regard to proper points of compass, even when he is "right." So we become confused with regard to moral points of compass, by a long habit of trying to see right as wrong and wrong as right.

I have often watched with pain the gradual effacing of sincerity from the characters of children, the rubbing of the dust of truth from the soul's wings, and the substitution for it of the false gloss of artificiality; the slow accretion upon their warm, flexible natures of a

crust of conventionalities, that destroyed all vitality of character.

"Will you not come and see me, too?" a lady said to a little boy, after having invited his mother to visit her.

"I don't think I shall," he answered plainly.

"What made you answer Mrs. S—— in that way?" his mother said to him, after the lady had gone. Why did you not tell her you would be happy to visit her?"

"Because, mother, I should not; I don't like her, and don't think I shall ever go to see her."

"But you should make people think you like them if you don't," said the mother, trying to engraft upon his tender nature the spirit of the French proverb, that the true office of speech is to conceal our thoughts. And why may we not differ from each other, and express this difference without offence. It is not even a cause of offence that I am not to the taste of another person, and he or she does not enjoy my society. It is only a difference; it may not be a question of merit upon either side.

Why may we not deal frankly with each other? Say—I acknowledge your good qualities—your superiority; but somehow your society does not give me pleasure. Why should people spend so much time, and suffer so much, trying to make believe that each is agreeable to the other, when there is a mutual distaste?—for it usually happens that where there is a dislike on one side there is on the other. You differ from another as much as another from you, and if you cannot accord, you ought to agree not to agree; though if unavoidably thrown together, each should try to make the best of it, and try to conform, so far as can be done without compromising sincerity, to the tastes and peculiarities of the other.

Nothing is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls with nothing on them, for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres.

A MAN is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just as he pleases.

Don't force a man to take your advice. You can advise him to take a bath without pitching him into the river.

LAY SERMONS.

A Tenth for Heaven.

His neighbors might go in through the wide gate and along the "broad way," if they chose; but Hartley Ambler looked to the "strait gate" and the "narrow way." He had no faith in that blind policy which gains the world and loses the soul. Quite early in life, he set about the work of "making his calling and election sure." Others might do as they liked, but he meant to be safe. So he became a church member—one of the most punctual and devout. He was a leading spirit in the Sunday-school, in the Missionary Society, and in the various "Aids," established in the cause of Christian charity—not so much, we are compelled to say, out of good will to the neighbor, as for self-salvation. All these were the means by which heaven was to be gained, and to this end he embraced them.

Hartley Ambler's religion was not one of love, but observance. It had no foundation in charity—it did not regard the neighbor—it was self-love manifesting itself in pious acts.

"Let others go to destruction if they will, I shall save my own soul." This was the sentiment of his heart, if not the utterance of his lips. So his life became devoted to soul-saving. There can be no sweetness, no tenderness in such a life. In the very nature of things, it must be hard on the outside: hard in the degree of its selfishness. "How will this affect another?" was never asked by Mr. Ambler, but, "How will it affect me?" It was natural, therefore, that in his earlier married years, he should leave his wife lonely at home three or four evenings in every week, that he might look after his soul's welfare in religious meetings and other "means of grace." It was but natural that, as his children grew up around him, he should continue to give more time and thought to his religious than to his parental duties. Certain laws for family government were laid down—he was a believer in law and obedience—and all violations sternly punished. But, there being no other love than self-love in his heart, his home was, consequently, a stranger to the law of love.

As Hartley Ambler grew older, he became more and more literal in his observance of divine statutes, and less and less charitable towards the world and its ways. He had acquired property through diligence in business; and was regarded in his church as a liberal man. He gave, because in so doing he thought to lay up treasure in Heaven.

But, this giving was always attended by a certain inward reluctance. Love of worldly goods and love of his own soul came often in conflict, and disturbed him sorely. He felt poor after making any gift to the church, and contracted his purse-strings; pinching and denying here and there in his family or among his employees—that he might recover back a portion.

At last, Mr. Ambler determined to act on an entirely new principle. His mind was led to consider the subject of tithing. The fact that, under the divine law, it was observed in the Jewish Church was, with him, a strong argument in its favor. To set apart one-tenth of his income for pious uses, could not, he felt, but be acceptable to God.

"I shall really be the gainer by such an arrangement," he said to himself, as his mind dwelt on the subject, not really perceiving the full meaning of his remark. "If every dollar now given in a year were counted up, I'm satisfied that the sum would exceed a tenth of my income. If I fix this giving at a tenth, I shall know just where I stand."

A further argument in favor of the new method, which did not find its way into speech, was the impression, that for this systematic setting apart of a tenth of his income, God would so prosper him in business, that the remaining nine-tenths would exceed the gains of former years. Viewed on all sides, it was clear to Mr. Ambler, that, for him, a system of tithing would make him the gainer in every way, both for this world and the next. So he commenced the work of setting apart, as he called it, "a tenth for heaven."

"If my income this year should be ten thousand dollars," said Mr. Ambler, talking to himself, "I shall have to set aside one thousand dollars."

What a large sum to be given away, did this appear in his eyes! It was more than double what he had contributed for church purposes in any former year. "A thousand dollars!" Mr. Ambler dwelt upon it.

Well, the system began. No matter what might be the income—if not over one thousand dollars—a tenth must be given. There were times when Mr. Ambler felt uncomfortable, as his mind rested on the subject, and various contingencies were imagined. His hand began to contract on the home purse-strings. He cut off here, and he carved down there. He exacted self-denial from wife, and children, and servants, in order to help on the salvation of his own soul.

At the close of each month, Mr. Ambler made up an estimated account of his profits, and set apart the tithe. He always left a wide margin for contingencies—took good care to be on the safe side. He could make all right at the annual adjustment. Beyond the tithe, he would not give a dollar to the church, nor in charity, no matter how pressing the case might be. He had done his part. Heaven had got its share—the rest was his own!

It is almost inconceivable how blind he was! How utterly unconscious of his real state. He was a full-blooded Pharisee, trying to merit heaven by external deeds, while his heart was given over to selfishness—believing himself on the high road to salvation, and thanking God that he was not as other men. He paid over the church proportion of his income quite as formally and coldly as he paid a bill or a note, and considered his obligations to heaven as so far settled. A case of touching interest was presented to him one day, just after the last dollar of his periodic tithe had been transferred to the church.

"I have nothing to do with it," he said, without any sign of feeling.

"The poor ye have always with you," suggested the person who had brought the case to his notice.

"If all of you would do as much for the poor as I do, there would be no poor among us," Mr. Ambler replied, with some asperity of manner, like one who felt himself in a position to utter rebuke. "I give one-tenth of all my income to God's treasury. The account is made up faithfully, and not a dollar withheld. Yesterday I settled the account, and paid over an accurate proportion. So my part is done. You must go somewhere else. Have you seen Cartwright?"

"No."

"Try him. He doesn't give a fortieth part of his income in charity."

"Thank you! I will see Mr. Cartwright. Much obliged for the suggestion."

Now, Mr. Cartwright, a member of the same church to which Ambler belonged, was a man of another quality. He had a warm side towards every one. Was tender-hearted, considerate, and self-denying for the good of others. He didn't think so much about saving his soul as about justice, brotherly kindness, and charity. "I'll do my duty and trust God for the rest," he would sometimes say, when very pious people talked to him about the "witness of the Spirit" as a thing essential to salvation. "He knows my heart, and he sees my life. The witness of a good conscience is, in my view, the surest witness. I am more concerned for that than for anything else. When I look down into my heart, it is for no vague signs or impressions, but for motives. If I find only self-seeking as the spring of action, I am troubled; if I find neighborly good will—a desire to serve another's good as well as my own—a shrinking from what is wrong in the sight of God, I feel at

peace, and my soul rests in a consciousness of safety."

Such was Mr. Cartwright, of whom our tithe-giving Pharisee spoke so lightly, and with intended depreciation. With him the case referred to was submitted. It stood thus:—There was a poor woman whose only daughter, a beautiful and intelligent girl, was residing in a distant city with a relative, where she was engaged in a public school. It had come to the mother's knowledge that a man of doubtful reputation had succeeded in gaining favor with her child. She had written to her on the subject, and received only evasive answers. In consequence, her distress of mind was very great. She knew how blind a woman's heart will sometimes make her, and trembled for the peril of her child. A letter came at last from the relative with whom her daughter lived, saying: "If you would save Mary from a life of misery, you must take her home. Come to us if you can. Our influence with her is at an end; but you might save her. The man's reputation is bad; but Mary will listen to nothing against him."

The poor mother had no money with which to defray the expense of a long journey. Unless she were helped, the daughter must be abandoned to her fate—a human soul might be lost. In her distress, she sought for help, telling her story with tearful eyes, even to the laying bare of things which, but for the imminence of her child's danger, would have been guarded as home secrets. Deeply touched by the case, presented with all the eloquence of a mother's pleading tongue, a gentleman undertook to procure for her the money she required. His first call was upon Mr. Ambler. We have seen the result. He had just paid over, as per contract with himself and an imaginary God, his monthly instalment into the treasury of heaven. That made his soul safe, and he had no interest beyond.

The next call was upon Mr. Cartwright, who, according to Ambler, "didn't give a fortieth part of his income in charity." His ears were always an open way to his heart. He listened to the story, became interested, and said—

"She must be helped, of course. The case admits of no delay. Poor mother! I imagine her distress, her suspense, her eagerness to fly to the rescue of her child. Have you spoken of this to others?"

"Only to a single person."

"The case is a delicate one, and, if much is said, unjust scandal about the young lady may arise. You know how apt some people are to go beyond what is told, and suggest evil things that have never existed. Who is the person to whom you refer?"

"Mr. Ambler."

"Oh! Did he take any interest in the case?"

"None."

"What did he say?"

"That he had settled his account with heaven, and had nothing more to give in charity."

"You are jesting."

"Not as to the meaning of what he said. I only put it in other words. He tithes himself."

"Indeed!"

"So he informed me; and having just paid over his peroidic tithe, he could not give a dollar more, if it were to keep a mother's heart from breaking, or save a human soul from misery or ruin."

Mr. Cartwright mused for a little while, then asked—

"How much did you wish to raise for her?"

"A hundred dollars."

Mr. Cartwright mused again.

"This thing," he said, "should not be known to many; harm to the young lady might come of it. I remember her very well. She was a sweet, interesting girl. There is no evil in her, I am sure; but she may not have strength of will or insight into character. By all means she should be back into her mother's house. I will give the hundred dollars."

"And save a soul, perhaps."

"A human soul!" Mr. Cartwright uttered the sentence partly to himself. "How little," he added, "are we accustomed to think of its value. How completely does the Lord lift it out of all finite computation in these memorable sentences, 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Ambler and Mr. Cartwright happened to meet. The latter was an outspoken man. The case of the poor woman and her daughter had dwelt upon his mind; and, on seeing Ambler, he remembered his refusal to give anything, and also the ground of that refusal. So he said—

"I'm sorry you didn't help Mrs. —. Her case was one of pressing interest."

"The world is full of such cases," replied Mr. Ambler, drawing himself up in a cold, self-satisfied manner, "and if you all gave in the same proportion that I do, there would be no lack of means."

"You tithe your income, I have heard," said Mr. Cartwright.

"I do." The man looked more erect and self-satisfied.

"And never give beyond the tithe?"

"Why should I? Isn't that enough? Who gives as much?"

"The poor widow cast in all her living. Not a tenth, but the whole mite."

There was a visible change in Mr. Ambler. He didn't stand quite so erectly, nor look quite so well satisfied with himself.

"All we have is from God," said Mr. Cartwright. "Not the tenth, to be paid back, as we would settle an account, man with man, and so cancel all obligations. Does the steward fix the sum he shall expend for his lord, and keep the rest for himself?"

"Do you give a tenth of your income?" asked Mr. Ambler.

"I don't know. I keep no account of my gifts. I never think of the annual sum."

"But, sir, should we not be as orderly and as equitable in our gifts as in our business? Is it not best to set apart a certain portion of our income for pious and charitable uses, and see that it is paid into God's treasury?"

"No, not if, after such payment, the man is to regard himself as having settled his account with heaven. No, not if, after such payment, the man shut up his bowels of compassion, and refuse to stretch forth a hand, though a soul sink into the gulf of misery, perhaps eternal ruin, before his eyes! Depend upon it, Mr. Ambler, the gift of a tenth, or even a twentieth part of his income, will not put the balance on the right side of his soul's account with God, if, with his coffers still full, he turn a deaf ear to the cry of the widow and fatherless. May I ask how much your tithe will amount to this year? The inquiry is not from curiosity. I shall not speak of it to another."

"My business is good; I shall, probably, set aside nine or ten hundred dollars."

"And have nine or ten thousand left for yourself?"

"Yes; that would be the proportion."

"And, knowing that this large balance would remain, you refused help to a poor woman whose heart was almost breaking at the peril of her child; refused to give a dollar that a life might be saved from wretchedness, or a soul from perdition! Do you think, Mr. Ambler, that, if this soul had been lost through your refusal of help, God would accept your little tithe, and square the account? I tell you no! He puts a higher value upon a human soul, weighing all the world against it as lighter than a feather. Think of what He did for the salvation of a soul! He did not give the tenth of a poor human love, but the infinite treasures of Divine love. Depend upon it, Mr. Ambler, this system of tithing is a snare, and it will prove to you a curse instead of a blessing. God does not measure our fitness for heaven by the sum of money we give, but by the neighborly love that is in our hearts."

"What of Mrs. —?" Mr. Ambler's voice was husky and unsteady. He saw by a new light, and fear for his soul's safety crept into his heart. It was not from any Christian interest in Mrs. — that he asked after her, but that he might do something towards his own acceptance with heaven by helping her if she still needed help.

"She has been for her daughter."

"Then she received assistance?"

"Oh, yes. When you turned from her, God found other friends. Her daughter is now at home, and safe."

Mr. Ambler drew a long breath of relief.

"I shall reconsider this matter of tithing," he said. "You may be right about it, and I wrong."

"It is not by the giving of money—not by setting apart a certain portion of our incomes for church and charitable purposes," said Mr. Cartwright, "that we lay up treasure for heaven. There is only one kind of treasure possible to be laid up there—only one kind of treasure that will make us rich when we pass to the other side."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Ambler.

"Love to God and the neighbor," answered Mr. Cartwright. "If we do not take that with us into

the next world, we shall be poor indeed—poor, miserable, outcast. The money we have bestowed will not save us. It is not the hand-giving that avails, but the heart-giving. It is my opinion that a cold, calculating system like that of the tithe shuts the heart. We must do good as we have opportunity, and not by pre-arranged methods. Depend upon it, this keeping of a ledger account with heaven is a great mistake. It will not result in a clean balance sheet."

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Weary.

BY M. D. R. B.

Weary!—of what? Not of that lovely infant in the pretty wicker cradle, with its dimpled hands patting the spots of the nice patchwork quilt, and its soft cooing voice keeping time to the rather impatient jerks which the mother bestows on the unfortunate rockers.

Yes, Mrs. Earle is almost weary of her baby just now. In truth, she is quite in a morbid state of mind this morning. Everything in life seems to be tinged with a shade of brown; although the day is as calm and serene as sunshine can make it; and through the open windows of her neat sitting-room come the merry carol of birds, and the laughter of sweet-voiced children.

But she feels in no mood to enjoy her blessings. Her cares and burdens weigh heavily upon her spirits, and she sees no end to them. It is in fact one of those times, when all things appear to go wrong; and—for the the mind has its diseases as well as the body, and sympathizes with it—the whole nervous system is unstrung.

Mrs. Earle is by no means a poor woman. Her husband is in a good way of business, and makes a comfortable living for his family. It is not his fault that she chooses to do the greater part of the housework herself; and "makes out" with a small servant, in the shape of a girl of twelve years of age, when in fact her numerous household requires two or three pairs of hands to guide it aright; with as many heads possessing a much superior stock of wisdom than that of little Alice Boggs, whom she has taken as an act of charity from the county poor-house.

Neither was it Mr. Earle's choice that his wife, to avoid the occasional expense of a seamstress, should spend all her evenings, and sometimes the greater part of the night, in making and repairing his and the children's garments. We know that husbands generally bear the blame of all this; and sometimes we own they are unthinking or niggardly enough, to allow such acts of self-

sacrifice, even when circumstances do not call for them. But in this case the fault lay with Mrs. Earle alone. Indeed she rather enjoyed the making a martyr of herself; and was accustomed to lay up quite a stock of grievances to rehearse in the ears of her most intimate companions.

"She hadn't slept a wink the night before—the baby was so fretful. Then if Katy wanted a drink once, she wanted it a dozen times; and to crown all, just as she was getting into a comfortable doze, little Ben took a spell of the ear-ache, and screamed loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. But Mr. Earle never heard a breath of it—men do sleep so soundly. You couldn't rouse him now hardly, if the house were on fire."

No wonder, that with her self-imposed midnight sewings, and after watches with her children, not to speak of her early rising to assist little Alice in cooking a nice hot breakfast for her husband, before he went to the store, that Mrs. Earle should feel weary—wearied of herself and her children too.

Languid and spiritless she had presided at the breakfast table; not knowing or not caring that the well-cooked viands and fragrant coffee were worse than tasteless, unseasoned by sweet smiles and pleasant looks. Mr. Earle sighed, as he took his hat and looked at his wife. But meeting no responsive glance, he went his way with a shadow on his brow.

Then the day's work commenced in earnest. The house was to be swept and put in complete order. Her husband's books and papers, with which he had amused himself (another grievance!) the night before while she sat and sewed, were all to be gathered up and laid away.

"Men are so careless," was her mental remark; "here they are, just as they were thrown down, all topsy-turvy. I wonder if I could find leisure to read one in a lifetime."

Mrs. Earle forgot that she had been too moody and discontented to respond to her husband's endeavors to enter into conversation, when, his day's labor over, he had sought relaxation and pleasure

In the home circle. Nor did she remember that when the children had been put to bed, and he had proposed reading aloud, that she had answered, fretfully, "She was too busy to listen; and baby would be waking presently; he had better read to himself."

By this time the elder children were awake, and clamorous for help. Susie wanted to be dressed first, and would not wait while Alice tied little Benny's frock. Then Johnny had taken his new shoe strings to whip his top, and they were both in knots. Bureau drawers had to be searched, and their contents tossed about in the hasty quest for others. Poor Alice received sundry rebukes and several smart slaps, because she could not be in four places at the same time; and tears and sobs mingled with the childish small-talk.

Breakfast over, the children were to be made ready for school. Then a constant cry of "mother" was heard.

"Mother, do come button my shoe. Comb my hair, mother. Help me find my book—wont you, mother? Shant Alice give me pie for lunch, mother? Oh, here is a great rent in my apron; you must mend it just now, mother, or we shall be too late."

At last the "little torments"—as their mother called them—were hurried off; Benny and Kate were sent into the garden to play; and after setting Alice to scour the knives, and make ready the vegetables for dinner, Mrs. Earle prepared, in no very equable state of mind, to wash and dress her baby.

But no smiles played over her care-worn features, as the little fellow crowed and danced in her arms. The one budding, pearly tooth was no longer a wonder and a novelty. She was weary, restless, and unsatisfied. She did not know what blessings she had in the blooming health, the perfect limbs, the light of intellect, that flashed from every feature of her babe. She was not reckoning up her jewels.

That evening Mr. Earle returned with a heavier shadow on his brow. There was evidently something on his mind; but he said little; and except that he was more than usually caressing and tender in his manner to his children, the change might not have been remarked. But, not being in general a demonstrative man, his wife noticed and wondered at it.

The cause was soon explained, when, the early bedtime of his little ones having arrived, they were dismissed with much noise and bustle to their slumbers.

"Hannah," said Mr. Earle, turning suddenly to his wife, "do you remember those three pretty children of the Clarke's, whom we met at Borden-town last summer?"

"Yes," answered his wife, abstractedly, for she was deep in the mystery of some complicated braiding pattern for little Katy's frock.

"They are all dead."

"Dead!" repeated Mrs. Earle, the needle falling from her hands. "When did they die?—and how?"

"They all died to day—their disease, diphtheria. Yesterday they were in blooming health; now three little coffins stand side by side in the darkened parlor, that so lately resounded with their merry voices."

Mrs. Earle made no remark. She had laid down her work, and shaded her eyes with her hand. Her husband went on—

"I met Clarke on the street to-day. He was almost distracted. He asked me to go in and see the pitiful sight. There lay the little darlings—the white roses and pale jasmine flowers that were scattered round them, not more colorless than their marble features and pretty waxen hands. What a trial for the poor mother! What a silent, sorrowful house!"

"And I have been weary of my happy cares," thought Mrs. Earle. "What if God see fit to deprive me of my blessings? What if the besom of destruction should sweep my house and make it desolate!"

That was an hour of deep self-upbraiding; and not only so, but Mrs. Earle, like a good wife, confided her trouble to her husband, and gave promise of future amendment. Her children should henceforward be her first charge; their comfort, the care of their health, their proper training, her delight. She would not be so over-anxious about the minor concerns of domestic economy; although these should not suffer under her management.

"I tell you what, Hannah," said Mr. Earle, "you'll find you cannot do it. I'll see and inquire to-morrow, about that first-rate housemaid of the Clarke's. They'll not want extra help now you know, with such a small family."

Mrs. Earle sighed, as she glanced lovingly at the little sleeper in the cradle.

"How did she know but her family might very soon be as small!"

"Then the next thing I shall do, will be to take you to choose one of the very best family sewing machines that money can purchase. We will have no more of these nightly sewings, that wear your temper, and steal away your good looks."

Perhaps this last consideration had its due weight; at any rate Mr. Earle had his own way this time, and soon found his reward, in the agreeable change that took place in his family. How his wife had now both smiles and talk to bestow upon him; how the children improved in manners and temper; how the little motherless Alice in the kitchen, no longer drooped over her heavy tasks; how the shadowed home became a happy one, belongeth no further to this chronicle.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Story of Christina.

BY C. M. F.

There were green hills and woods around it, and a blue, summer sky overhead; yet a lonely enough dwelling I think you would have pronounced it, with its one path leading a half mile through the forest before touching the broad highway. And here lived Christina and her brother, with their father, who was a farmer. (You will wonder, perhaps, how the writer came to know of this solitary family, and I propose telling you the whole story, dear children.

In the first place, the scene of my narrative is not laid in the great West, as you might fancy. I dare say many a child whose home is in the less inhabited regions of our country may live just as much separated from the world as my little heroine, but in new settlements such things must be; one does not, however, look for them in Vermont and New Hampshire.

Never mind the name of the town where a number of ladies and gentlemen were passing the summer months. It was under the shadow of the beautiful hills, and a finer region you cannot imagine. One day a drive had been planned to visit a certain pond, and the gentlemen of the party proposed turning aside from the direct road, to fish in a trout brook, which some one remembered, in an out of the way place. Away we went, up and down the steep hills, over the country roads white and hot with sunshine, till by and by we left the broad glare of day and plunged into the deep shadows of the woods.

Evidently the path was seldom used by carriages, as the rough stones and underbrush gave proof, while the squirrels and partridges, startled by the unwonted disturbance, peeped out from leafy thickets, and sunbeams shone through the tall trees like tapers hung in a green roof. I cannot describe as I wish the beauty of that ride; the wild flowers growing from mossy beds; the small brooks singing their way into light; and the many-shaped leaves of the branches bending near as if to look in our faces. I thought of poor children shut up in dusty towns, while the country is like one great garden, and longed to have them seeing and enjoying all with me.

At length, after letting down five or six pairs of bars, and opening two or three gates, we came suddenly upon a small cottage-house enclosed in a yard, with an old barn adjoining, into which a man was driving a load of hay. There was no other buildings in sight, only steep blue hills lying around at a short distance away, and the thick trees, with a sort of clearing, a pasture overgrown with bushes in front of the house. Back of this, and at the foot of the hills, the trout brook ran,

but the water was not visible, only the objects I have described—the woods and mountains, and the dark, clear sky. The farmer, a civil kind of man, answered the questions which one of our party addressed him, and, in reply to a request that he would lead the way to the brook, called—

“Christina, you may go with them, but hurry back, I want you to help get in hay.”

We looked with some curiosity for the appearance of the person strong enough to aid in such work, and presently she came out of the barn—a tall, stout young woman? No, indeed, but the most slender little girl, who might, judging from her size, be five or six years old. Scantly clad in a single garment, torn and soiled, with bare legs and feet, she wore upon her head a shaker bonnet, and, peeping shyly from within, a thin, eager face, with such earnest, bright blue eyes, and an old look, as if she were a grown person with many cares. She smiled very pleasantly when spoken to, and her smile was like sunshine spreading over the sadness of the face.

When she had gone far enough to point out the remainder of the way, our party divided, part remaining to pick berries from the vines that entangled our steps, while the gentlemen fished, and our little guide returned home. I stood upon a stone wall to watch her as she tripped along, treading upon briars and stones with her small, naked feet, as if on the softest carpet. Late in the afternoon, returning to our carriages, we called at the farm-house, and found Christina seated upon the door-step with her brother Charlie, younger than herself.

While waiting for others to come up, one of the ladies made some inquiries of the child as to herself and family, and the conversation was as follows. After telling their names and ages (she was nine and the boy five), the lady asked—

“But have you no mother, Christina?”

“Yes'm, but she's away to work.”

“Where does she work?”

“Oh, way off in the mills at S—. She comes home at Christmas.”

“Only once a year?”

“Yes, only once. I keep the house.”

“But you are a very little girl to keep house; do you take care of Charlie, and cook, and sweep?”

“Yes'm; father helps me sometimes; he washes and makes his bed.”

“You must be lonely here; do you never wish for anything you don't have? What would you like?”

“I don't know,” hesitating; “nothing, I guess,” with a bright smile.

“Nothing! but,” continued the lady, “my little boy here is always teasing for something—a cent to buy candy, or to do something, or go some-

where. Now what do you think you would like if you were to choose?"

Christina looked down, pulling at her bonnet strings meanwhile.

"Some new clothes, I think," she answered, blushing as she spoke.

"Well, perhaps they will come to you some day," said the lady, kindly. "I guess you are a happy little girl, are you not?"

"Yes'm," with a glance of her dark eyes.

Just then her father called, and she hurried away. But this was not the last we saw of Christina; the interest awakened in us all by this family, and the strange, lonely life it led, did not pass away with the occasion of our visit. As we sat by the evening fire, or strolled in the morning sunshine, we said: "What can we do for Christina and Charlie?" and at length decided that a gift of clothing and books would be most acceptable. A contribution was therefore taken among the boarders, and material for a dress purchased and made up, though we were forced to rely upon recollection of the little figure to be suited. Very tasteful and warm it was when finished. A bright-colored calico, lined with stout cloth, which promised to wear well and keep out the cold of coming autumn. An apron of the same, and some second-hand garments, were added. Last, a primer and picture book—"Reading Made Easy."

Two weeks later the summer days were over, at least in name; and on the hill-slopes and by the brookside deeper-hued flowers blossomed, and ripened harvests glistened golden in the air. Most of our number had left the mountains, charging us to remember Christina and the basket stored for a second expedition. This we were sure to do; and the very day before my departure from the scene of many happy memories, the promised visit was paid.

There was a fresh wind blowing, curling the gray clouds into odd shapes, and drifting them hurriedly over the sky. It was sad to think that the soft, delicious hours which had woven a bright chain of the weeks passed and gone were over forever. Yet the fruit of sun and shower hung along our path, reminding us that there is in nature no wasted time. Ripe red pomegranates loading the trees, and early apples tempting with their yellow cheeks. Most beautiful of all the leaves, here and there kindling their torches of crimson and flame, often a single bough or twig only shining out from surroundings of deep green.

We had turned into the lane, from which our road lay direct through the woods, when our attention was attracted by the sight of two children looking through the bars of a fence, inside of which some men were at work.

"There are our hero and heroine!" exclaimed one of us. "We must stop and take them in, if they are willing to go home."

"Christina!" called the pleasant voice which had addressed her once before.

She came running to meet us, her eyes lighted up with the recognition she was too shy to own.

"You remember us? We have brought you something to-day; and, if you like to ride, we can make room for you in our carriage."

"Yes'm; but Charlie's here too; father's to work, and we came over here this morning."

"We can take Charlie on my seat," said the driver, who was anxious to get a peep at the little ones of whom so much had been said.

Soon we were ready for a fresh start, Christina carefully holding on to a tin pail, which, she said, was filled with Indian meal. A very quiet child she seemed, but the questions which we were not slow in asking were answered with a simplicity and directness very unusual even in a grown person. Once more we saw the old house standing lonely in the midst of woods and mountains. As I glanced at the thickly-wooded hills I remembered hearing that the region was once infested by bears, whose visits to neighboring farms were more frequent than agreeable. And although they were long since driven back into deeper forests, I could easily imagine the grim, clumsy-looking animals striding down into the small door-yard. I confess I shivered at the bare idea.

When we reached the gate, Christina sprang out and opened the door with a huge key, taken from her pocket, scarcely large enough to hold it; we stepped over the threshold into the cheerful rooms where the afternoon sunshine played. One was kitchen and sitting-room, the other a bed-room, and contained the better articles of furniture. Both were in tolerably good order, and as clean as they could be made by the tiny housekeeper.

I wish you could have seen the expression of Christina's face when our basket was opened, and its contents displayed. She did not utter any exclamations—as children are wont to do; but she stood with hands folded, her eyes growing larger and brighter as we explained how the dress had been bought and made by the ladies whom she saw not long before. While the gown was being tried on in the next room, I talked with Charlie, the sweet, bright little fellow, who was lamed probably for life, but who limped about with a smile on his lips, and the same contented look which seemed born with them.

Charlie was playing with a black kitten that appeared to be the only playmate they had, but he stopped when his sister returned, dressed in the gay print which fitted as well as if made expressly by measurement.

"Oh, it's handsome!" she said, as we turned her around to examine it, and her face laughed all over, while Charlie took hold of the skirt and looked up in her eyes, not knowing what to say or do.

We had ascertained that Christina could read somewhat, how well we did not discover; but we told her the book was to help her along, and that she must in turn teach her brother.

"I don't know enough to read the Bible yet," she remarked. "My father reads it to us."

"And do you like to hear him?"

"Oh, yes 'm, first rate; there's real nice things there!"

We had laid down our gifts upon the table, but we staid to chat with this earnest little woman, who was still more childlike in her ways than most of her age. I cannot now repeat the conversation in which we were very, very much interested. But she told us the story of her every-day life, bit by bit, and how she spent her time in taking care of the house and helping her father; she never went visiting except with her father when his work called him away from home, and she never had any company.

I felt rebuked by the cheery, patient spirit of the child, Christina, thinking in my heart, with

how few things life can be made happy and useful. And you too, dear little reader, who may look upon these lines, when you become restless and dissatisfied in your home, amid kind friends, and all the comforts that can aid in forming your character, and making you good and wise; remember, that a *contented mind is a continual feast*, and lacking this, no spot on earth however beautiful can be enjoyed by you.

As we drove away after bidding adieu to the children, and promising to visit them again if ever in their vicinity, I turned to catch a farewell glance at the still landscape, and a slender figure standing in the door-way, shielding her eyes from the flood of sunlight that covered her like a veil. So may it ever shine upon you, oh, happy Christina!

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

QUAIL PUDDING.—For making a small-sized pudding, two quails are sufficient; they should be well kept, and when quite ready for cooking, should be cut into pieces. Make a suet crust in the following manner:—Mix a half pound of fine flour with four ounces of fresh beef suet and half a teaspoonful of salt; the suet must be first well minced, and freed entirely from skin, and it should weigh the quantity indicated *after* being prepared. Make these ingredients up into a paste, with sufficient cold water for the purpose, and then roll it out in equal thickness all over. Select a deep basin, line it with the paste, and then lay in each joint of the birds separately, seasoning with cayenne-pepper and salt, and between each layer of game place a few button mushrooms, well-cleaned, buttered, and sprinkled with pepper; pour in a little water, or, better still, gravy made with game bones if at hand; cover over, and boil for four hours. If wished, other seasoning, such as mace and nutmeg, can be added.

SIR H. HALFORD'S RECIPE FOR BREAD JELLY.—Cut off the top of a twopenny loaf, then cut the remaining part into thin slices, and toast them a pale brown, very hard; put the bread thus toasted into nearly three pints of water, and let it boil very gently till you find it congeal, which you will know by putting a little of the water in a spoon, then strain it very carefully without breaking the toast, or the jelly will be thick; sweeten it to your taste. This jelly is of so innocent a nature that it never disagrees, and is at the same time so great a strengthener that one spoonful will more than answer triple the quantity of any other sort.

SNOWDON PUDDING.—Half pound beef suet shred very fine and small, half pound brown sugar, half

pound bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls orange marmalade, three eggs, raisins round the mould; to be boiled three hours; wine sauce.

APPLE JELLY.—One pound moist sugar, one pound apples, one lemon—the juice of the lemon to be used and the rind added—cut very fine. Boil the whole till it becomes a perfect jelly. Let it stand in a mould till quite firm and cold. Turn out, and stick it with almonds; set custard round. If for desert use a small mould, plain.

FRENCH ROLLS.—The light French roll is made by using a certain quantity of dough saved from a previous batch before the yeast was added. This dough acts as a ferment, and is used in the proportion of one-fourth to the quantity of flour. Sufficient warm water and salt is then poured on the stale dough to serve for the whole batch. Blend the dough and water together; then add the requisite quantity of flour by degrees. The dough must be of a much thinner consistency than that which is employed for making household bread. Cover the kneading-trough, and when the dough is sufficiently risen take out the quantity to reserve for the leaven of the next batch; then add a small proportion of dried yeast, dissolved in warm water; work the whole together, and, when sufficiently kneaded, form the dough into rolls, and bake them in an even oven. This description of bread is usually baked in Paris in corrugated tins.

GRUELS.—We take the following recipes for various gruels from "The Herald of Health":—

Wheat-meal Gruel.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat-meal smoothly with a gill of cold water; stir the mixture into a quart of boiling water; boil about fifteen minutes, taking off whatever scum

forms on the top. A little sugar may be added if desired.

Indian-meal Gruel.—Stir gradually into a quart of boiling water two tablespoonfuls of Indian-meal; boil it slowly twenty minutes. This is often prepared for the sick, under the name of "water-gruel." In the current cook-books, salt, sugar, and nutmeg are generally added. Nothing of the sort should be used, except sugar.

Oat-meal Gruel.—Mix a tablespoonful of oat-meal with a little cold water; pour on the mixture a quart of boiling water, stirring it well; let it settle two or three minutes; then pour it into the pan carefully, leaving the coarser part of the meal at the bottom of the vessel; set it on the fire and stir it till it boils; then let it boil about five minutes, and skim.

Farina Gruel.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of farina in a gill of water; pour very gradually on the mixture a quart of boiling water, stirring thoroughly, and boil ten minutes.

Tapioca Gruel.—Wash a tablespoonful of tapioca, and soak it in a pint and a half of water twenty minutes; then boil gently, stirring frequently, till the tapioca is sufficiently cooked, and sweeten.

Sago Gruel.—Wash two tablespoonfuls of sago, and soak it a few minutes in half a pint of cold water; then boil a pint and a half of water, and, while boiling, stir in the farina; boil slowly till well done, and sweeten with sugar or molasses.

Currant Gruel.—Add two tablespoonfuls of currants to a quart of wheat-meal or oat-meal ground, and, after boiling a few minutes, add a little sugar.

Groat Gruel.—Steep clean groats in water for several hours; boil them in pure soft water till quite tender and thick; then add boiling water sufficient to reduce to the consistency of gruel. Currants and sugar may also be added.

Arrow-root Gruel.—Mix an ounce of arrow-root smoothly with a little cold water; then pour on the mixture a pint of boiling water, stirring it constantly; return it into the pan, and let it boil five minutes. Season with sugar and lemon-juice.

Rice Gruel.—Boil two ounces of good, clean rice in a quart of water until the grains are quite soft; then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and boil two or three minutes. Currants make a good addition to this gruel.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Bitters.

Orange Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, utters the following plain truths about the various "Bitters" that are ministering much more to intemperance than to the health of the people. He speaks earnestly, sensibly, and to the point.

"The land is full of bitterness. We speak not now of the woe and anguish caused by war, but of what promises to be scarcely less disastrous in its results upon individuals and families. During the present year we have travelled four or five thousand miles, through different parts of the country. In all that route there has hardly been a point where the eye did not meet an advertisement of somebody's 'Bitters.' Upon every available space, on the walls of buildings, on the fences, on the surface of rocks and stones, upon the bridges and telegraph poles, indeed everywhere. 'Bitters,' 'Strengthening Bitters,' 'Healing Bitters,' 'Invigorating Bitters,' 'Life Saving Bitters,' or some other 'Bitters,' stare one in the face. This is most strikingly the case in some portions of Illinois. So, too, the newspapers abound in advertisements of these various bitters; and in every

hotel, tavern, and down to the smallest 3 by 4 drinking shop, attractive rows of bottles labelled 'Bitters' are everywhere to be seen. We know of large glass manufactories run almost exclusively in the manufacture of bottles for bitters. Now all this costs a "mint of money," and this money has already come and is coming from those who buy and drink those bitters—showing an immense consumption.

"But what are these 'Bitters?' With scarcely an exception, they are essentially a cheap form of alcohol—whisky, gin or rum. Most contain a little bitter extract—some more, some less—added as a blind, or as a slight tonic. Take out the alcohol, and all that remains would not amount to much—good or bad. Whisky, or gin, that under its own proper name would not sell for fifty cents a gallon, is put into bottles costing four to seven cents each, five to eight bottles to the gallon, labelled at the cost of a penny, and sold at a dollar a bottle, or at least five dollars a gallon. The attractive label, the great stories told of the healing and strengthening properties, lead people to pay these prices. This much is sheer humbug." But there is a worse feature. We stopped at the house of a western farmer, who would not for the world incite in his children a taste for and love of alco-

halie drinks. Yet influenced by the advertisement in his family paper, and a religious one at that, he had bought and used several bottles of these bitters, and supposing us to be wearied with a long day's travel, he proffered us a glass of 'strengthening bitters.' Two of his little boys were given a spoonful each before breakfast—to keep off the chills. We told him he was feeding them with gin, and laying the foundation for a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave.

"We constantly meet with persons who daily use these 'bitters.' The temporary stimulant afforded by the alcohol, deceives them into the belief that they are 'invigorating,' or 'strengthening.' When the excitement subsides, and the natural reaction and lassitude follow, they take another dose, and so go on. We say in all seriousness, that the enormous sale and use of these 'bitters' is doing more to produce wide-spread dissipation and drunkenness, by begetting a taste for alcohol, than can be counteracted by the efforts of all the Temperance Societies that have yet been organized. Let us beg of every man who would not bring up his family to be drunkards, and who would keep out of temptation himself, to banish these 'bitters' of every kind from his house, and discourage their sale in the community."

Fresh Air in Typhoid Fever.

In a Pamphlet entitled *Application du grand air dans le Traitement de la Fievre Typhoide*, Dr. HAMPTON, of Paris, publishes several remarkable cures chiefly attributable to the free admission of air to the patient's bed-room. He considers typhus fever to be a kind of paralysis or asphyxia of all the vital functions, occasioned by the respiration of a lethiferous atmosphere, emanating either from a typhoid patient or from any other morbid source, and he practically demonstrates not only the great advantage to be derived from the effects of open

air in the treatment of typhus fever, but he pronounces the absolute immunity from contagion or infection in the open air. The patient cannot be exposed to any danger under any circumstances of complication by other diseases, or from the temperature of the atmosphere; for if the patient is kept warm in bed by artificial means, the free breathing of pure fresh air will at all times keep up the natural animal heat. In typhus fever, complications of all kinds, of the lungs or any other organ, only render the free access of pure fresh air more urgent and more necessary. The beneficial effect of fresh air also enables the practitioner to administer stimulants which the patient might otherwise be unable to bear.

Poisoning by Narcotics.

The Paris correspondent of the "Medical and Surgical Reporter" says:—Pouring cold water on the face and head appears to be a good remedy in cases of poisoning by narcotics. A young woman a few days ago accidentally swallowed six drachms of a mixture of laudanum and chloroform with some hydrocyanic acid in it. She immediately vomited a portion of the liquid, and then fell down in a state of coma. Professor Harley being called in, administered hot coffee and nitric ether, and proceeded to effect artificial respiration. No great improvement was perceptible, but on the application of cold water to the forehead, the effect was magical. The patient began to breathe more freely, and she lost some blood from the nose. As soon as the effusion of cold water ceased the coma returned, and was again removed by renewing the effusion. The patient soon moved her arms and legs, and seemed anxious to avoid the stream of water, as if it caused her pain. This treatment was renewed by intervals until the following day, and after the lapse of sixty hours all distressing symptoms disappeared completely.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY FARM AT EDGEWOOD. A Country Book. By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." New York: C. Scribner.

From "Dream Life" Ik. Marvel passed some time since into real life. In other words, married and bought himself a farm; and now we have, in a pleasant series of chapters about rural things, the observation and experience of a gentleman of taste, feeling and culture. The homely, the real and the practical are charmingly blended with the fanciful and humorous. The book lures you on with its graceful style, giving pleasure and profit with every page.

PETER PARLEY'S OWN STORY. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The autobiography of the late Samuel G. Goodrich, whose "Peter Parley" books have been for over thirty years the delight of children, and will continue to give delight for more than twice that number of years to come. Mr. Goodrich travelled extensively, and was a close practical observer. Much that he says is narrated in this volume, which young people will read with a pleasure heightened by the fact that it contains the personal experiences of the friend in whose books they have found so much enjoyment.

IN WAR TIME, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

About one-third of this volume is made up of poems suggested by incidents connected with the present rebellion. Always the poet has lifted his voice against slavery, and patiently has he waited for the dawning of the day that should write the words, "Freedom to all men," on the nation's escutcheon. Years ago, he wrote, in faith—

"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay.
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of truth to time!"

Now he writes, we quote from a brief poem, "Astræa at the Capitol";—

"When first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation's council hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave!

"In the foul market place I stood
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood, with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

"I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
And smothering down the wrath and shame
That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent, where to speak was death.

"The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air;
I stood a perilled stranger where
The human broker made his home.

"On the oppressor's side was power,
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour.

"I knew that truth would crush the lie—
Some how, some time the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

"But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And at a nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

"Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air.

"Not as we hoped—but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays with wiser hands than man's
The corner-stone of liberty.

"I cail not with Him: the voice
That freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing!—yea, I say rejoice!"

TEN CHAPTERS ON MARRIAGE: ITS NATURE, USES, DUTIES, AND FINAL ISSUES. By William B. Hayden, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Second edition. Boston: William Carter & Brother. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Marriage, as it is regarded in the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Church, is clearly set forth in this small volume, which no one can read without being deeply impressed with the sacredness of that union into which all human spirits instinctively desire to come. According to the New Church, souls are born male and female, and a true marriage is, finally, an interior one, or a conjunction of souls. It also teaches that, if in this world men and women do not find the partners with whom they can be conjoined as to the spirit, and so make one, they will find them in the next world, provided they have lived good lives. No interior union, it is held, can possibly take place, except in the degree that souls are regenerated.

A thoughtful reading of this book cannot fail to give higher and holier views of marriage, and of the true nature and relation of the sexes than generally prevail in society.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; OR, A BOOK OF THE HEART. By Ik. Marvel. New York: Charles Scribner.

DREAM LIFE. A FABLE OF THE SEASONS. By Ik. Marvel. New York: Charles Scribner.

New editions, on tinted paper, of two books that must always be favorites with the public. The style in which Mr. Scribner has issued them is unique and tasteful.

MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By John Saunders, author of "Abel Drake's Wife." New York: Harper & Brothers.

MARY LINDSAY. A Novel. By Lady Emily Pensonby, author of "Katherine and her Sister." New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 234 and 235 of the "Library of Select Novels." Two excellent English stories.

REMAINS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. With a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

Of Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the distinguished author of the "History of the Middle Ages," and "European History," little has been known by the public, beyond the fact that out of Tennyson's deep personal friendship for him grew that tearful poem, "In Memoriam." The father now gives us a brief memoir of his son, and also of another son, kindred in spirit, who likewise passed away in early manhood. Those gifted sons, inheriting their father's genius, and blooming with the fairest promise, died just as they were entering upon a literary career that would have made them distinguished. A contemporary says: "We have rarely been so touched by a book. Here the father, forgetting his studies, his celebrity—everything but his love, appears before us as the mourning biographer of his boys, carefully collects the

remains of his children, and shows the world what good cause he has to weep, and we to mourn over their loss. The young man who can call forth such sorrow from his father, and in *Memoriam* from his poet-friend, must have been worthy beyond comparison. ARTHUR HALLAM's oration on the "Influence of Italian Works of the Imagination," is particularly valuable from his ardent study of DANTE, and his extended knowledge of the works to which he refers; and his "Review of TENNYSON'S Poems" at the close of the volume, has the peculiar interest which he attaches to the works of a friend who has to mourn his loss, by one of the finest poems of its kind ever written. This volume should find a place on the shelf next to TENNYSON, for they illustrate and attract each other.

EXCURSIONS. By Henry D. Thoreau, author of "Walden," and a "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martineau.

In personal peculiarities and mental idiosyncracies, Mr. Thoreau stands alone. We know of no better way of presenting him than as a cultivated Indian. He lives almost entirely separate from social life, spending a large portion of his time in the woods, or alone with nature. Mr. Emerson gives us in this volume a highly characteristic memoir. Thoreau, as seen by Emerson, stands out, of course, strongly individualized. It is, taking subject and writer, the very romance of biography.

The articles in his book are, "Natural History of Massachusetts; A Walk to Wachusett; The Landlord; A Winter Walk; The Succession of Forest Trees; Walking; Autumnal Fruits; Wild Apples; and, Night and Moonlight. He writes in a strong, abrupt style, mingling philosophy with facts, and quite carrying the reader away with him. Both the man and his book are a study.

THE REJECTED WIFE. By Anna S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Not having found time, amid the multitude of books on our table, to read Mrs. Stephens' story, we give the "Inquirer's" notice:—

"It turns upon an evil incident in the life of BENEDICT ARNOLD, while yet a youth in New Haven. The secret marriage with 'Amy Leonard' does not deter him from coolly purposing an open one with 'Miss Laura de Montreuil,' and his boldness in facing the matter out when discovered, is as characteristic of the man as his total want of principle. We see here the traitor in embryo. Such a man would be capable of treason, we say as we read; and then, as we think of his after career, we are ready to assert that just such an early manhood might be guessed for the traitor, had we not known his antecedents. The colloquies are very spirited, the plot interesting, the scenes artistically portrayed. To our judgment, this is Mrs. STEPHENS' best work."

BROKEN COLUMNS. New York: Sheldon & Company.

A new novel, the author unannounced, of over five hundred and fifty pages, which we have not read. Two opposite opinions in regard to it have been declared by literary men and the press. One pronounces it superior to "Adam Bede;" and another speaks in strong depreciation. One thinks its moral true in the main, and unexceptionable; and another regards some of its descriptive scenes as unhealthy reading. Not having read the book, we are not prepared to give an opinion.

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST. By Daniel C. Eddy, D. D. Author of "The Percy Family." Walter in Jerusalem. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This volume takes the young travellers into Jerusalem, shows them the city and its environs and holy places, gives them a tour to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and makes them acquainted with the sacred localities in that region. It is beautifully printed and illustrated, and in all respects a good and interesting work.

STORIES OF OLD; OR, BIBLE NARRATIVES SUITED TO THE CAPACITY OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By Caroline Hadley. Illustrated by Six Engravings. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Two volumes, one giving narratives from the Old Testament, and the other from the New. They would have served a higher use if the beautiful simplicity and eloquence of the Bible had, where it was possible to do so and make the story clear, been preserved. The Bible is the Word of God, and it is always best to let it speak directly to little children, so that its peculiar forms of speech may grow into their memories, and thus become to them a Divinely protecting influence, extending through all their after lives. We do not think it good to paraphrase the Bible, or to attempt to clothe its histories in other language.

AMERICAN HISTORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated by numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. V. Wars of the Colonies. New York: Sheldon & Co.

In the "Wars of the Colonies" Mr. Abbott has given a history of "The Pequot War," the "War with King Phillip," a narrative of the first settlements on the lakes, and along the Mississippi; "King William's War;" "Queen Anne's War;" "The Conquest of Canada," and the story of Pontiac. It is superfluous to speak in favor of Mr. Abbott's books. A simple announcement of their publication is all that is required.

FLOWER, FRUIT AND THORN PIECES; OR, THE MARRIED LIFE, DEATH AND WEDDING OF THE ADVOCATE OF THE POOR, FERMAN STANISLAUS SIEBENKAS. By Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated from the German. By Edward Henry Noel. With a Memoir of the Author, by Thomas Carlyle. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Richter, though a voluminous writer, is chiefly known to English readers through fragmentary passages; and thus known, he is a favorite.

Translators found in his works so much that was redundant and almost irrelevant to the common theme—so much that was but accessory and hindering, that they rejected for a time his works as a whole, and gave us the pure gems that sparkle through them. But, as the taste for German literature increased, there was a call for his complete works, and many of these are now in English dress. "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces," is a novel running through two volumes, and marked by all the peculiarities of style, thought, and manner of treatment by which Jean Paul is distinguished. It is not every reader who can enjoy the book. Numbers will weary of his minuteness of detail; of his careful artist-work on the smallest and most unimportant things of his picture, and grow impatient for the narrative to move onward more rapidly. Those who from culture or mental fitness are able to understand completely and sympathize with the great German writer, will find in these volumes a rare enjoyment.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Visit to the Isle of Wight. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A new volume, in another of Mr. Abbott's attractive series. Its absorption by the juvenile reading public is certain.

PECULIAR. A TALE OF THE GREAT TRANSITION. By Epes Sargent. New York: Carleton.

A story of the times. Reaching us just as we are about closing this number of our magazine, we have no time for examination, and must give our readers another's impression of the book:—

"The story is founded on the social revelations which Gen. Butler, Gov. Shepley, Gen. Ullman, the Provost Marshal, and others, abundantly authenticated in New Orleans after the occupation of that city by the United States forces. These materials, highly dramatic and of thrilling interest, have been handled with consummate skill by Mr. Sargent, and the result is a novel which in the engaging and engrossing character of its plot, the vigor and animation of its style, and the graphic presentation of its characters (many of them living and moving—witness Abraham Lincoln, Jeff. Davis, George Saunders, Senator Wigfall, and others) cannot fail to be widely read and admired. Both in its humor and its pathos, its style and its character-painting, it is a production that stands out in sharp, bold relief. As a work of art, 'Peculiar' will be awarded a very high rank."

THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN. By Mary G. Ware, author of Elements of Character. Second Edition. Boston: W. Carter & Brother.

Mrs. Ware is a receiver of the doctrines as given in the writings of Swedenborg, and her "Thoughts in My Garden" are, to some extent, illustrations of his doctrine of Correspondences, which declare that every material thing is a specific outbirth of a spiritual principle, to which it bears the exact relation of an effect to a cause. In other words, that the natural world is an outbirth of the spiri-

tual world, and that the minutest thing in the natural world has its corresponding cause in the spiritual world, from which and through which it has existence. Writing from this point of view, in a style remarkably pure in its diction, the author has given us a series of brief papers on nature, its modes of operations and phases, that are eminently suggestive and practical. At every step she illustrates her subject; and with a calmness and winning sympathy towards the reader that attracts with a quiet but almost irresistible force. No one whose mind is open to truly human influences can read "Thoughts in My Garden" without pleasure and profit. As seen through the writer's eyes, nature puts on a new aspect, and in leaf and bud, in blossom and fruit, we find images of spiritual and eternal things, and in all the processes of nature types of the soul's progress and development.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the Latest Editions of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The numbers of this comprehensive work continue to reach us regularly, the latest received being No. 67, which closes the fifth volume, containing over eight hundred double column octavo pages, and brings the alphabetic order of subjects down to L. We need only repeat what we have said already, that for cheapness, condensation, and completeness, this Encyclopædia is without a rival. It is published in numbers, at twenty-five cents each, and comes within reach of nearly all.

THE BOOK OF DAYS: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities, in connection with the Calendar. Including Anecdote, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Character. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

No. XVIII. of this record of things notable and curious connected with the calendar, closes the month of August, and completes two-thirds of the publication.

DEEP WATERS. A Novel. By Anna H. Drury, Author of "Misrepresentation," "Friends and Fortune," &c. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

A cheap edition, paper cover, of a well-written novel.

A HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By Isaac V. Heard. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Heard has been a resident of Minnesota for over twelve years. He was in General Sibley's expedition against the savages in 1862, from its arrival at St. Peter's in August, until its return in November; and acted as the recorder of the Military Commission which tried four hundred Indians engaged in the massacre. He was therefore favorably situated for obtaining the most

accurate and minute information in regard to the subject about which he has written.

The narrative is very painful. Beyond its simple history of a terrible visitation of savage cruelties upon inoffensive men, women and children, the book speaks in warning tones to every American citizen. It lays bare the systematic wrongs of the agents of our government—conniving with traders—perpetrated against the Indians; wrongs that disgrace the nation, and that, like all wrongs, must surely punish us. That stupendous wrong against humanity, slavery, which the nation, at its birth, weakly admitted to a quasi constitutional guarantee, is now deluging our country with blood. We are reaping as we sowed, evil for evil. It is a law of the divine economy, that in all wrong-doing punishment is involved. Good blesses—evil hurts. We cannot escape the consequences of our deeds. And as surely as we have suffered terribly for the national crime of slavery, so surely will we suffer for our crimes against the red man. His degradation and savagery are no excuse for us, and will not save us.

Mr. Heard's book should have a wide circulation. The information it contains relative to the manner in which the Indians have been treated; of their feelings, numbers, and character; of the dangers to be apprehended from them, should be

known to every thoughtful American citizen. It contains facts that will startle the most indifferent.

EDITH PRESCOTT, or Lessons of Love: Being Anna Bertha's Visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By Emma Marshall, author of "The Happy Days at Fernbank." Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A good and interesting book for children, teaching the value of kindness in the small things of every-day life, and interspersed with stories of much sweetness and pathos. It cannot help being a favorite.

GEORGE MORTON AND HIS SISTER. By Catherine M. Trowbridge, author of "Charles Norwood," "Dick and his Friend Fidus," &c. Philadelphia: Wm. S. & Alfred Martien.

FRANK AND RUFUS; or Obedience and Disobedience. By Catherine M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: Wm. S. & Alfred Martien.

All of Miss Trowbridge's stories are good. She understands children, and knows just how to interest them. These volumes cannot fail to meet with a warm welcome from the young people.

From the same publishers, we have a story designed for Sunday-schools, entitled "Little by Little." Also, two packages of Album Cards, "The Favorites," and "Birds," neatly printed in colors.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.

The closing days of the last summer carried to many a home and heart throughout the land a message of grief, whose memory will not easily pass away.

The life of Mrs. Alice B. Haven closed just before the summer's did. There seemed some peculiar fitness in their going out so closely together—the service of both completed; the voices of both falling into the eternal silence; and both lingering in our memories like the tones of some sweet singer which we may never hear again, but which we shall carry in our thoughts through all our lives.

It does not become the writer of this to furnish these pages with a biographical sketch of Mrs. Haven. Those who knew her intimately as wife and mother, sister and friend, have elsewhere performed that work, and briefly told us how nobly she fulfilled all the public and private duties of her life, faithfully and humbly seeking to infuse through all the spirit of a true Christian womanhood.

But a single incident which came to the writer's knowledge, and which touchingly illustrates the scope and tenor of the life of Mrs. Haven, will not

only be welcomed by many readers who loved her work and mourn her loss, but through it, though tender voice and faithful pen are hushed now, she may speak to some heart that shall be encouraged to "go and do likewise."

It is more than six years ago since Mrs. Haven, during a brief visit to Philadelphia, heard her friend, Mr. Louis A. Godey, mention the name of a young lady who had occasionally contributed to his magazine, and who herself, on a visit to the city, found suddenly a new and wider sphere of literary usefulness opening before her.

The quick sympathies of Mrs. Haven enlisted her interest at once in one whose writings she had occasionally seen, and for whose future her generous nature felt a keen solicitude.

An interview with the young lady was easily obtained, and she will never cease to remember the impression of Mrs. Haven's face and voice as she entered the parlor. There was so much cordial animation in her greeting, so much tender interest in those beautiful dark eyes, and, oh, so much kindly and faithful counsel in the words that fell a little later from the lips which seemed pendulous betwixt smiles and sadness, that that hour or two will never be forgotten by the listener, who hung

on every tone and expression, and tried to sound the spirit and import of each; and if she did not succeed then, she did afterwards, when a sterner teacher revealed them.

An interview like this must, from its very nature, be a confidential one, reaching beyond externals to somewhat that is essential and vital.

It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Haven fancied her young friend's position had at that moment some general likeness to certain phases of her own experience, and that her wider knowledge of the world, and of some peculiar paths of temptation and danger, might furnish those practical warnings and suggestions of which a young sister-writer might greatly stand in need.

But how few of her sex would have had the heart, the courage, or the tact, to offer these as she did!

Sometimes, as she touched on her life, the tears stood still in those large, steadfast, beautiful eyes; sometimes smiles, swift and bright as a child's, flashed out from a face that seemed still in the light of its early twenties—a face beautiful in itself, growing doubly so to the gazer through all its infinite charm and grace of expression.

Well, the interview closed at last, regretfully on one side at least. The paths of these two, singular to say, never intersected again, although both, I believe, separated with the hope and expectation of subsequent meetings, which various small obstacles prevented.

As the years grew, however, bringing with them the experience which makes us all sadder, and, if lived in any true sense, wiser, the real purpose and significance of Mrs. Haven's visit manifested itself to her who received it. But a letter, written to Mrs. Haven out of the gratitude of her heart, was after awhile replied to, with that complete and final answer which sooner or later, oh, my reader, must be the last story which can be told of you or me—"She is dead!"

"Dead, and yet speaking" by her life of love and sacrifice, of service and faithfulness—speaking in a thousand incidents such as this, that may never be written in any book save that one wherein are the chapters of every human life.

How many women are there who would have had the care, or taken the pains, to turn aside from the pleasure and excitement of a brief, social visit to a stranger sister, whose feet were just about entering some untried path, wherein it was likely might lie much stress and trial for her? And of how few of us it may be said, as of her, "Her life held no ignoble days."

That pen whose genius was dedicated to the service of God and the good of man lies silent—it will gladden and exalt us no more with its sweet stories of human life, of trial, of sacrifice, of faith, and of the joy and beauty of endurance and endeavor amid the strain and care and wearing details of life—no more sweet and living home-pictures will brighten along her swift pen—the

"small, white hand" which held it so long and bravely, now lies silent and cold under the smooth linen of these winter snows. Like the light of the summer days, amid which she faded, has the noble and loving woman, with her rare gifts of mind and heart, passed away.

From the shadows of the little church at Mamoroneek, they bore all that was mortal of Alice B. Haven; but the seed which she scattered prayerfully along her earthly path, shall take deep root by the water-courses of other lives, and it shall not be gathered in the harvests that are of this world.

"Into the eternal shadow,
That girds our life around;
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth beloved,
And it were mean to weep,
That thou hast left life's shallow,
And dost possess the deep."

V. F. Z.

THE NEW YEAR.

We have travelled past another of the milestones, and by just so much is the journey shortened for all of us. In one sense the thought will come sadly home to us all, and yet I think there must be few hearts who have not experienced at times a feeling of relief at least, at the thought that this life was not to last always. There are surely times when our hearts sink beneath repression, and limitation, and defeat; beneath the cares that rasp, and harrow, and gnaw; the burdens that oppress, and wear, and crush us, and the haunting consciousness of the contrast betwixt the life that is, with the life that might be.

Our souls shrink sometimes from the strain and stress, from the petty, wearing details of living, and it is hard enough for the best of us to keep ourselves in a still, heroic patience. Our feet come up sometimes into the mountains of exaltation and ecstasy, but they yield constantly to the moral gravitation of this world, and slide downwards. And it is not to be wondered at that we draw a long breath sometimes, and think, "Well, it won't be for always."

No, we shall find that out, some of these days, when we hear the voice of the angel of death, and the irritation and impatience are all over, and we look our last on the world that has seemed sometimes very hard and bitter to us.

I suppose the worst trouble is, the struggle with ourselves. If it is not, it certainly should be. The sense of incompleteness and unworthiness which we carry always, this it is, which underlies all our other griefs and makes life exceedingly hard.

But let us be brave. Thought, deed, and word, which in their varied combinations have made the individual pattern of our lives for the year that is dead and gone to its burial, let us hold it up to the light and shake it out. Full of flaws, imperfections, abortions, it will surely prove, but hiding

it in the darkness will not make the fact any better, and the light will disclose all the faults, and show us where to avoid them in future. At least let us strive to make some improvement on the year which we now enter.

Broad and fair before us lies the unsoiled sheet of its days. One by one we must use them for good or evil; one by one they must be engraved and sealed by us. Let us take them softly, let us use them carefully. They are our only lot and portion whither we are hastening. Let us take heart of grace, and to one and all of you, oh, readers of our magazine, be happy this new year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

V. P. T.

New Holiday Gift—The Craig Microscope.

The editor of the *Sunday-School Advocate* says in regard to this newly invented instrument:—

"Its simplicity, cheapness, and great magnifying power struck me with surprise. Then I was examining a fly's eye by its aid, and was struck with wonder at the skill and power of the Creator which is displayed in its structure. When I saw a statement in an advertisement that the Craig Microscope magnified one hundred diameters, and could be bought for \$2, I thought it was one of the many humbugs of the hour, for I had paid \$20 for a microscope not long before. But now I find it to be a really valuable instrument, which I should like to see introduced into the families of our readers, in place of the manifold useless toys which please for an hour and then are destroyed. This microscope would both amuse and instruct them, and I advise every boy and girl who wishes to know the wonders which lie in little things to save his money until he has \$2.25, for which HENRY CRAIG, 335 Broadway, New York, will send him a microscope, post paid. For \$1.50 more he will send twelve objects all ready for use, or for \$5 the microscope and twenty-four objects will be sent."

Our editorial friend of the Fishkill (New York) Journal, in noticing the Home Magazine, makes what we will be excused for thinking a good suggestion. He says:—

"Any person wishing to make a Christmas or New Year's present to a friend, cannot do better than to order this magazine to his or her address. It would not only afford pleasure, but cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to the recipient."

"UNION REFUGEES."—In the statuette of Mr. John Rogers, an engraving of which we give in this number of the Home Magazine, the artist has caught the true spirit of his subject. The group is well arranged for effect. The story it tells will give to every loyal heart a fresh throb of indignation against the bad, ambitious men, who have made homes desolate all over our land.

We are constantly in the receipt of letters from all parts of our country, giving us the warmest assurances that the *Home Magazine* is doing a good work wherever it finds admission into families. Not through pictures and fashions, which have only a passing and temporary interest, but by virtue of its carefully-edited reading matter. Herein we aim to present the leading attraction of our Magazine; and if hundreds of earnestly approving letters, and the almost universal testimony of the press, are to be taken in evidence, we have not failed in our efforts.

Miss Townsend's new story is commenced in this number of the *Home Magazine*. Mrs. Denison and Mr. Arthur will each give a serial during the year.

TO THE READER.—If you were to make a little effort among your friends, could you not get some of them to join and take the Home Magazine? The cost to each would be but \$1.25. Wont you try, just for good-will? In acknowledgment of the trouble, we will send you a beautiful print of "Evangeline," or "The Mitherless Bairn."

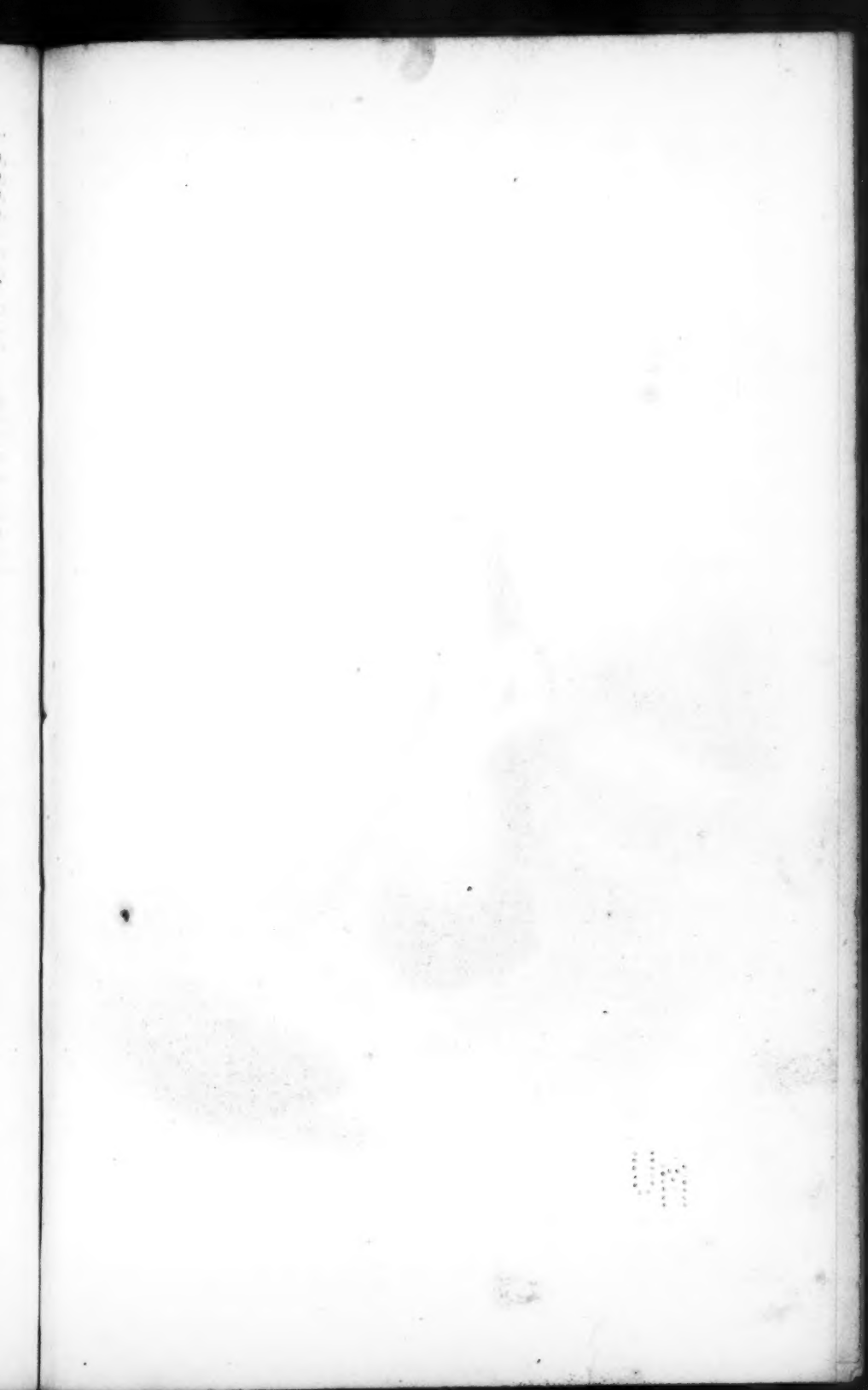
AIR AND EXERCISE.—Health, it is well remarked, cannot be expected without a free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in proportionate abundance must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in violation of correct theories of physical development and the instincts of nature. Those accustomed to sit writing four hours, day after day, can form some idea of the exhausting nature of the toilsome and ill-paid labor of the poor seamstress.

Cicero made the following wise remark:—"As I approve of a youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth."

"The loftiest, the most angel-like ambition, is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this—if we can smooth the rugged path of one fellow-traveller—if we can give one good impression, is it not better than all the triumphs that wealth and power ever attained?"

"Life is a burden, but it is imposed by God. What you make of it, it will be to you, whether a millstone about your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it off joyfully, lay it down triumphantly."

"You lay all your plans to accomplish an object, and miss it, while the good that you never dream of obtaining comes to you unsought."





W. H. Fisher Sc

PROVIDING FOR WINTER

J. G. Chapman Del



THE OLD FAMILY HORSE.



FANCY APRON.



FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



JACKET OF CLOTH OR VELVET, BRAIDED.



SASH.



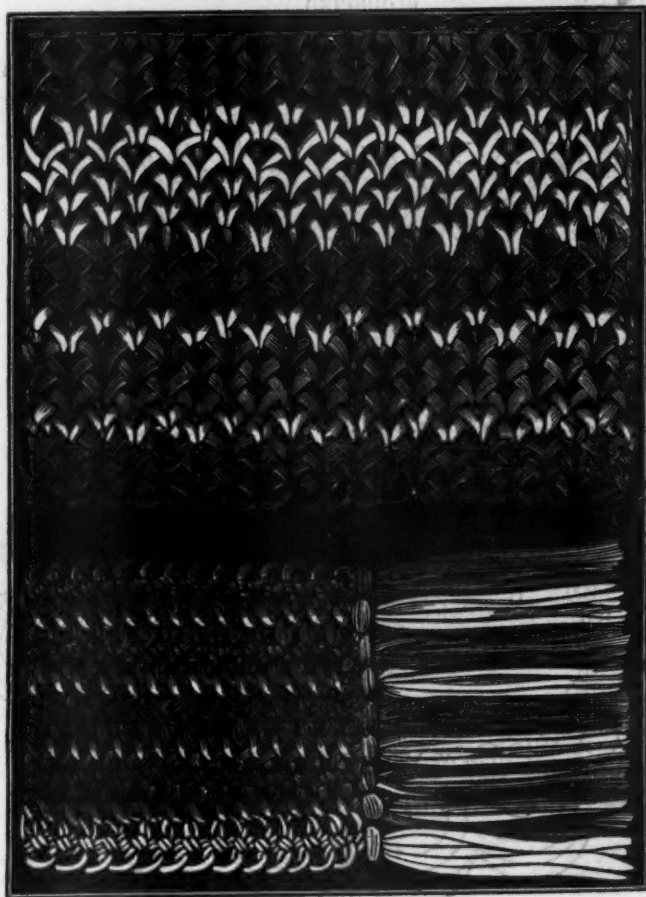
KNITTED UNDER-SHAWL.

Materials.—Three-quarters of a pound of 4-thread fleecy wool, of a pretty shade of claret; one yard of ribbon the same color, and a pair of large size boxwood knitting-pins.

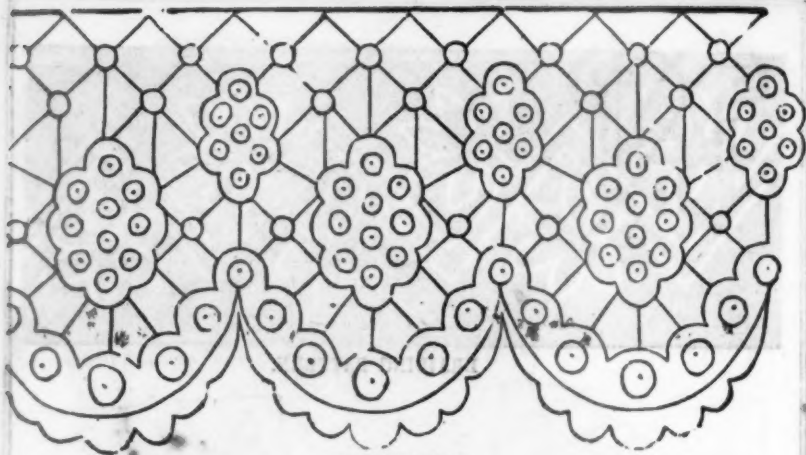
It is entirely made of plain knitting; and, from there being scarcely any counting, it is very quickly done. The edge should be finished by a double row of fringe made of wool, and an end of ribbon fastened at each corner. It should be worn crossed over the chest, and tied behind. The shawl is commenced with one stitch, and an increase made at the beginning of every row by putting the wool forward over the needle. This must be continued until the half square is the required size. The bottom edge should then be ornamented by a fringe, which is made of the fleecy wool cut in lengths, and looped in at intervals; each loop of fringe requiring four lengths of wool.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



HONEY-COMB KNITTING FOR SOFA CUSHION.



FLOUNCING.



SCALLOPING.

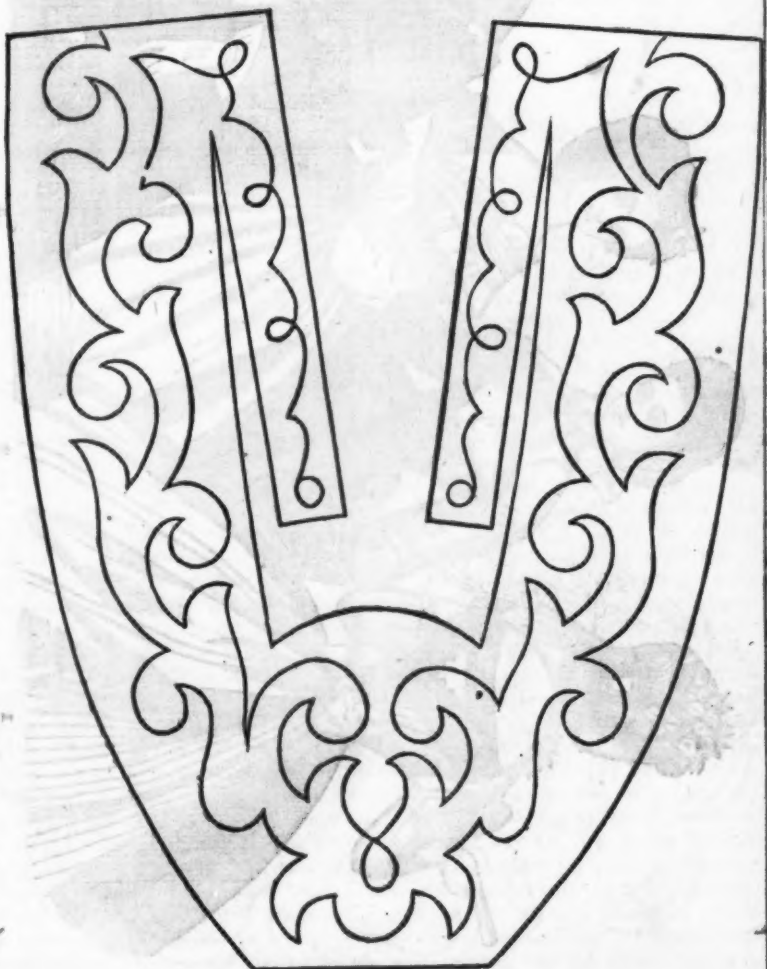




INITIAL.



EDGING.



BRAIDING FOR CHILD'S SHOE.



HOME AND STREET COSTUMES. See page 114.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR